New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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LONG VACATION
A student survey by Norman MacKenzie

Visitors to the Prison Camp

Post-war Tory Cabinets have always contained uneasy echoes of appeasement. Lord Home was a devoted Parliamentary Private Secretary to Neville Chamberlain and is still an unrepentant apologist of Munich. And there is, of course, Mr R. A. Butler who, as Halifax's lieutenant at the Foreign Office, served as front-man for the organised hypocrisy of non-intervention. Now he has returned to the scene of his crime.

Mr Butler's new indiscretion must have been deliberate – despite his subsequent attempt to minimise it – for he authorised the publication of his remarks. His motives were, presumably and characteristically, mixed and devious: the hunger for publicity, not surprising in a man who has been passed over for Premier and will be so again; a unique talent for meddling in other departments of state; the urge to irritate Mr Macmillan, whose own pre-war record was unimpeachable; and, no doubt, an instinctive sympathy for his hosts.

What is important, however, is the present trend of government policy towards the Iberian prison-camp. It can be argued that the post-war attempt to boycott Franco's Spain was unwise and that its consequence was to strengthen the Caudillo: Spain is necessarily a member of the UN and its agencies, and inevitably in recent years it has played a limited role in the international community. Now, however, it seems the government is anxious to go further. President Kennedy is calling for more conventional troops, to decrease Nato's reliance on nuclear weapons. The French Army is in ruins; our own is being slowly eroded by the end of National Service. The British government may thus find it specially convenient at this moment to press for Spain's admission to Nato; a section of Franco's bedraggled army could then be sent to Germany, permitting us to default on our obligations. This is the real reason for Lord Home's visit to Madrid.

Obviously, the idea of Franco's Fascist Spain as a member of Nato is unacceptable to the great majority of the British public and makes nonsense of the proclaimed aims of Nato itself. But more than moral issues are at stake. Lord Home is also visiting Dr Salazar, and we should be quite clear what the consequences of that journey will be. Salazar is currently engaged in a war of extermination in northern Angola. Some 35,000 virtually defenceless Africans have already been butchered by machine-guns and napalm. Now that the fighting in Algeria is at last ending, Salazar is identified, not only in Africa but in Asia and Latin-America, as the Enemy Number One of the African people. He cannot win in Angola, and his own regime is crumbling. His only friend, apart from Dr Verwoerd, is Franco himself – who provided the firm base from which the treacherous French generals raised the banner of armed revolt against the Algerian peace talks.

This is the moment at which the British government confers on the two fading dictators the incalculable benefit of an official visit. In Spain, and still more in Portugal, Britain's attitude is regarded as crucial to the future of the regimes. *En vuestros manos fraternales depositamos una gran esperanza,* read a letter recently smuggled out from Burgos Prison. But the 'great hopes' of the Iberian democrats will be betrayed; and those who are sitting on the fence (and there are many) will be confirmed in the belief, desperately fostered by Franco and Salazar, that Britain is not prepared to permit the risk of popular revolution. Meanwhile, Africans, and their sympathisers elsewhere, will see Britain as an accessory to genocide in Angola.

What makes Mr Butler's loose tongue and Lord Home's ill-starred visit still more disastrous is that they come on the eve of the Vienna talks, in which Mr Kennedy and Mr Krushchev will grapple for tactical positions in the struggle for the allegiance of the uncommitted. Krushchev is already notorious for his preference for Tories; but even he could not expect such gratuitous assistance from a belted Earl.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

The Ten Just Men

ANTHONY HOWARD

It is, as it turns out, a very odd tale indeed. As last week the scorpions from the 1922 Committee started swirling round the unoffending head of Mr Martin Redmayne, the government Chief Whip, he must surely have pondered to himself on the injustice of life.

Shortly before the Chief Whip's by now famous 'carpeting' of the parliamentary private secretaries, ten good men and true – who adorn with exemplary behaviour their position as PPSs – had formed up to wait upon Mr Redmayne with their brows furrowed and their heads shaking in perplexity. They wanted, they said, to seek his advice. It was naturally their heart's desire to serve faithfully in that station of life to which it had pleased Mr Macmillan to call them – but they couldn't help noticing lately that there had been some pretty strange goings-on. That chap, Chataway, was showing absolutely no loyalty to his minister nor, from different standpoints, were one or two other people. Of course they would have no complaint if the rule was to be from now on 'every man for himself'; but it had occurred to them that before assuming that this was the case they ought first to make an informal inquiry. And with assurances of eternal loyalty, with scarcely concealed longings for good conduct medals, but with the faintest hint of menace, they withdrew.

The origin of last week's 'little local difficulty' in the Conservative Party is, in fact, much more significant than its outcome – which was roughly that poor Mr Redmayne got his knuckles rapped as well as not achieving his objective. (On the day the row blew up yet another PPS – Mr Richard Hornby, the hitherto humble and obedient servant of Mr Duncan Sandys – voted undetected against the government on the Advertising Tax.) But the way the whole thing began illustrates as well as anything could what has really gone wrong with the government.

There have recently been a great many cricketing metaphors going the rounds (for all the world as if Mr Heathcoat Amory were still keeping his end up at the dispatch box – or, as he loved to call it, 'the crease') about ministers 'losing their length', or Mr Macmillan 'not timing the ball well'. But the matter can really be put a great deal more simply. The plain fact is that a kind of paralysis of uncertainty is gripping the Tories.

What, for example, does the back-bench member from the shires – desiring nothing more than to do his duty by the government, but understandably impressed by the collection of signatures which Lord Gladwyn has assembled – say at a meeting in his constituency when he is asked about Britain's entry into the Common Market? Does he take the educational hint from Mr Edward Heath and read a solemn warning about the price Britain will have to pay if she keeps out? Or does he suddenly recall that only six months ago the whips were nobbling him on this very point and asking him to be sure to cast his vote in the 1922 Committee ballot against Mr Peter Kirk, as he was 'the most dangerous sort of enthusiast'?

It must be all very puzzling and perplexing – especially when one keeper of the Tory Covenant, Lord Salisbury, is announcing that now the Empire is finished we must turn our eyes towards Europe, whilst the other guardian of the party conscience, Lord Hailsham, is threatening that if his own vision of *Britannia Magnifica* is in any way tampered with he will have to go (which, considering how shabbily he has been treated, may well be without any great reluctance).

Then, of course, there was the Budget. Perhaps of all the government's wounds this is the one that bleeds most profusely. In those brave days back in April the average Conservative MP almost certainly thought that with this one the government had backed a winner. Here at last – through the improbable medium of Selwyn Lloyd – was Conservative Freedom Working. But curiously it has not turned out like that. And it was left last week for the Minister of State at the Board of Trade, Mr F. J. Erroll, to walk out on a luncheon given by the National Union of Manufacturers hurling over his shoulder as his parting shot that instead of having to listen to grumbling and whining about the Budget he had rather hoped that 'someone would have said thank you' for all the blessings the government had poured on them.

Of course one knows about the payroll tax, about those soon-to-disappear Bentleys and Rolls-Royces, and about those Tory Ladies who have only just discovered that the surtax relief does not apply to those with what are euphemistically termed 'fixed incomes'. But the malaise of disappointment almost certainly goes beyond this. Perhaps the truth was that the government over-bid its hand. When the whole thing was totted up in the cold light of morning, the Conservative Party's most devoted supporters seem to have reached a collective conclusion – that this was not at all what they had put their party in power to do. Where, for example, was that tax rebate for those placing no burden on the public system of education by sending their children to fee-paying schools? And what on earth had happened to that suggestion, supported on the Order Paper by so many Conservative MPs, that those obligingly exercising their privilege of staying out of the National Health Service should no longer have to pay for their drugs?

Already the rumblings are to be heard. They come mainly from the small businessmen – the backbone of the party in the constituencies and on the town councils – who seem suddenly to have awoken to the realisation that if the Institute of Directors at its annual conference can treat them like kings for two days in the year, then the least the government can do is to treat them without contempt for the rest of it. (There was a particularly enraged reaction last week to a suggestion made in *The Times* that, although expense account Bentleys and Rolls-Royces were no doubt perfectly proper for senior executives of ICI, they really should not be a perk for the local timber merchant.)

For the government this embryonic Poujadist revolt has come at a particularly bad time. The rehearsals of the names of those members of the Cabinet who are 'actively for', 'going along with', or 'ineradicably opposed' to Britain's entry into the Common Market have grown tedious. But what matters is that to the Conservative Party's rural worker – the Lady of the Manor – the Common Market means only one thing: that at the moment Britain signs the Treaty of Rome, undesirable Mediterranean types will immediately appear loafing in the villages, defacing the countryside, and ensuring that no well brought up English girl is safe in her bed.

Probably, however, none of this would have mattered enormously but for one thing. The outstanding fact of contemporary politics is that finally at long last all Mr Macmillan's accumulated sins of omission and commission seem to have caught up with him. The Prime Minister's greatest strength – and certainly his personal appeal – always used to be that he broke all the rules with impunity. But the justification for such a method has to be that it *works*; and latterly there have been signs that it doesn't.

Perhaps one should have seen it coming long ago. In October 1959, 74 completely new Conservative members were elected to parliament: so far two of them have attained office as 'Assistant Whips (unpaid)'. Of the men whom Mr Macmillan grew up with – and who served with him in Sir Winston Churchill's 1951 Cabinet – only four survive. And even in the parliamentary party itself, three-quarters of its members have come in since 1950. It was perhaps the final tribute to the Prime Minister's art that – faced with this change-of-life situation in his own party – he should blandly have announced these facts himself to last week's private lunch of the 1922 Committee at the Savoy Hotel.

This time, however, he did not get away with it. It is no doubt impertinent to advise a Prime Minister. But if I were Mr Macmillan I should take good care, when Mr David Ormsby-Gore's appointment to the embassy in Washington is announced next month, to bring into my government at least one person from the 1959 vintage (probably Mr Crossman's New College pupil, Mr Montie Woodhouse). And I would prize like jewels those ten doughty loyalists who went to see the Chief Whip. Soon, at the present rate, they may even be the only 'just men' left in the city.

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NEXT WEEK

Socialism and Culture

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Comments on the Week's News

United States

The Road to Alabama

For the third time in recent history Montgomery, Alabama, became this week the flashpoint in the struggle for civil rights in the southern states of the US. But the mob violence which took place at the week-end in the first capital of the Confederacy was different, not only in its intensity but also in its cause, from the disturbances which accompanied the admission of Miss Autherine Lucy to the University of Alabama, and the attempts to break the bus boycott organised in 1956 by Dr Martin Luther King.

This time the resort to bestiality by the white community was occasioned by what appears to have been a calculated decision on the part of the Freedom Riders to move away from passive resistance and on to some form of offensive action. When the Governor of Alabama, Mr John Patterson, announced that he was satisfied that the Freedom Riders had embarked deliberately on a policy of 'acts of provocation' he may well have been speaking the truth. The Freedom Riders, although their activities have now been endorsed by Dr Martin Luther King, appear to bear very much the same relation to, for example, the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People as Direct Action has to the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. They are the shock troops trying to break through a barrier which patient legal pressure has failed to overthrow.

Nevertheless it needs to be emphasised that the young men and women on the Greyhound bus (both whites and Negroes) are attempting merely to exercise their legal rights. Ever since the Boynton Case, which was decided by the Supreme Court in 1960, it has been the law of the land that facilities connected with inter-state transport may not be subject to racial discrimination. And it is this doctrine which the Freedom Riders are now putting to the test in Alabama and the other states of the Deep South.

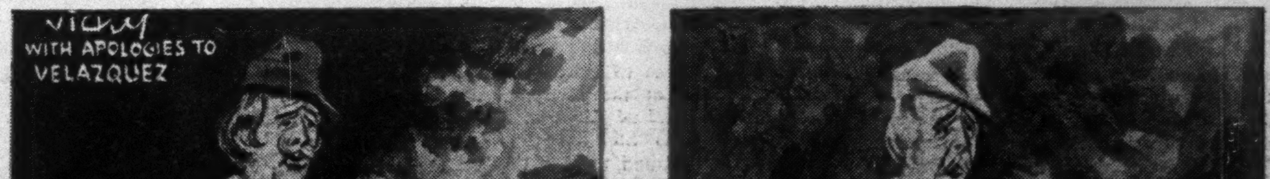
Fortunately the Kennedy administration (and in particular Mr Robert Kennedy, the Attorney General) appear to have accepted this point as irrefutable from the beginning. By his handling of this issue alone, Mr Robert Kennedy has amply justified his brother's faith in him: his prompt and effective action in sending in the federal marshals now looks as if it has successfully prevented what might easily have been a blood-bath.

Nevertheless even what has so far occurred seems bound to cause President Kennedy some fresh headaches. Partly, of course, he is reaping the whirlwind of General Eisenhower's neglect. Things in the southern states need never have reached their present pass if the General, in his eight years in the White House, had not consistently failed to face the problem: on the one occasion when he was driven into doing so his intervention (in Little Rock in September 1957) was disastrous in its effect. It enabled Governor Faubus to break the traditional hoodoo of Arkansas politics and to be elected to a third and then to a fourth term – a feat performed by no other Arkansas Governor.

It is precisely this type of consequence – brought about however unwittingly by the Freedom Riders – that must cause President Kennedy anxiety. The summer of 1962, when the Democratic primaries for the governorships of Arkansas, Mississippi and Alabama (in the Deep South these are the equivalent of popular elections) are due to take place, had previously seemed to provide the best hope yet for a fundamental change in the pattern of southern politics. In each of these three states the present Governor appears likely to be opposed by a strong candidate (probably a former Governor) who at the moment is prepared to present the issue as a simple choice between responsible and irresponsible state government.

The main hazard of such dramatic gestures as are now being made by the Freedom Riders is that in certain circumstances they could well have the result of enabling the present political leadership of the South once again successfully to ride the racist tiger. Governor Faubus won the greatest victory in Arkansas political history after federal troops had unsheathed their bayonets in the capital of his state.

However President Kennedy still has plenty of time to manoeuvre – and he has shown that he is adept at it. Last February, by paying in the most cynical way his campaign debt to Governor Patterson (over a large number of liberal objections, the Finance Director of the State of Alabama was appointed as a director of the Export-Import Bank), Kennedy wiped the slate clean and secured the freedom of action which he needed last week-end. And



'Old Masters are being over-cleaned until they are ruined.' — Pietro Annigoni.

by a skilful use of personal patronage, combined with a certain amount of economic pressure through the awarding of federal contracts, he may yet succeed in encouraging the 'moderates' and thereby destroying the remnants of southern racism.

In a curious way what happened this week in Montgomery could even end up by helping him. Coming when it did – as Kennedy prepares to make his début in world diplomacy at his meeting with Mr Krushchev – it may perhaps have persuaded some conservative members of Democrtaic Party that the civil rights issue is far too dangerous and damaging to American prestige for there to be any dragging of feet.

Beyond the New Frontier

ROBERT BENDINER *writes*: Slightly in advance of the tourist rush, the Administration is dispersing around the globe in a way that recalls the days when Eisenhower and Dulles were referred to as the Ileum and the Odyssey. Contrary to an expressed prejudice against itinerant diplomacy, Secretary of State Rusk has already touched base in Norway, Turkey, and Thailand, besides opening the Laotian truce ceremonies in Geneva. Vice-President Johnson has been introducing Texas campaign techniques in the streets of South-east Asia. Adlai Stevenson is scheduled to embark on a good-will tour of Latin America. And now the President himself, fresh from a minor triumph in Ottawa, moves on to more strenuous endeavours in Paris and Vienna.

That this reversion to personal diplomacy hardly squares with campaign pronouncements will concern only Mr Kennedy's more finicky critics. The matter is not one of principle, after all, but of tactics. Probably it would have been better if the President had been able, as he intended, to put off his first encounter with Krushchev until the groundwork had been thoroughly laid and desirable results assured. But sooner or later the encounter had to come. As one commentator here put it, 'Apologists for the meeting say it could no more have been avoided than a visit by one's mother-in-law in response to a timid invitation.'

Coming so soon after the failure in Laos and the folly in Cuba, announcement of the talks in Vienna raised eyebrows only over the timing of the event. One-upmanship would seem to dictate that the President wait for some advantageous turn – like the rout of Communism somewhere in the world besides a Congressional committee or the landing of an American on the moon. But having sounded out the Russians on a meeting before the Cuban and Laotian crises developed, the Administration could hardly turn back now that Krushchev revived the project.

For the Soviet Premier the session offers attractions besides the obvious one of catching the American president at a psychological disadvantage. It will give him an opportunity to size up his opponent, to discover perhaps whether a man who would take the risk Kennedy took in Cuba is not, after all, a man more to be reckoned with than Eisenhower, whom Krushchev came to regard as a kindly old gentleman more fit to run an orphanage than a government. For, poorly as it was conceived and badly as it turned out, the Cuban affair may well have rung an alarm in the Kremlin. The spread of Communist influence by limited violence and unlimited nerve has been eminently successful so far; if Mr Kennedy is determined to counter-attack, it would clearly be good to find out, if possible, just how far this seemingly rash new President might go.

For his part, Kennedy seems eager to convey to the Soviet government the limits of American flexibility on the outstanding issues. A great deal is being made of the lack of intention to negotiate differences in Vienna. Indeed, the hope of the meeting, if any, lies in the small expectation attached to it. If anything concrete – even an understanding about further nuclear testing – comes out of the affair, so much the better; if not, there will be no let-down afterwards.

Meanwhile, Vice-President Johnson returns from his Asian rounds trailing good will and possibly bewilderment. The *New York Times* feels that his hosts were at least as dazed by his 'flamboyance' as they were impressed by his promises. He rode in buffalo-drawn carts, drew water-buckets from village wells, petted scores of Asian infants, and repeatedly darted from his limousine to shake the hand of a dumbfounded bystander. In New Delhi the Vice-President passed out pencils inscribed 'Compliments of your United States Senator Lyndon B. Johnson – the greatest good for the greatest number'. The pencils were left-overs from another day, but in New Delhi the slogan could not have been more appropriate. In any case, a correspondent who accompanied him reports that Johnson spent more time discussing the war on poverty, disease, and illiteracy than the evils of Communism – a refreshing change.

Havana

The Prisoners

K. S. KAROL *writes*: What is the state of the mind of the 1,200 Cuban prisoners whom Castro now proposes to exchange for bulldozers? Recently, at the invitation of the Mayor of Havana, José Llanusa, I went to the Havana Sports Stadium to interview some of them. I found them sitting on the benches of the arena, all wearing the yellow military shirts and camouflage trousers supplied by the US government; except for the guards, who were toting machine-guns, they might have been waiting for a football-match to begin. They were bored, with nothing to do; their only distraction was to be questioned by people like me.

Over the loud-speaker, an appeal was made for those who spoke foreign languages to come forward. I thus met a young man, one of their officers, who spoke impeccable French. His name, he said, was José Andreu, 25 years old, a lawyer. He had spent seven years in Switzerland where he had learned French. His father was a wealthy doctor but not a big landowner. Why had he taken part in the invasion? 'Because the Castro regime does not guarantee individual liberties and because I'm against the nationalisation of private property. I believe in the 1940 Cuban constitution, which includes the right of free elections.' Did he think, I asked, that the invasion had any chance of succeeding? 'After I volunteered to fight in Miami I spent ten months in a camp at Retalhuleu in Guatemala, where the discipline was very strict. We were allowed to listen only to Radio Swan, the anti-Castro station, which repeated endlessly that discontent in Cuba was growing and that the resistance forces in the hills were winning. I came to believe that the population would help us.'

Did he think the Americans had deceived him? 'You'll find here', he said, 'a good many prisoners who are now very bitter towards the Americans and who have even offered to fight against them. They reckon that the Americans lied to them and dumped them without any protection on an indefensible beach. I don't share this view. The Americans made mistakes like anyone else, but it was the exiled Cuban leaders who led the operation.' How, I asked, did he explain the loyalty of the Cuban population to Castro? 'That's simple. Castro has given everything, including arms, to the poorest elements. Those who have arms are always stronger than the others. That doesn't mean they are right'. But after saying this, the young anti-Castro rebel added: 'If I could begin again, I wouldn't take part in a second invasion.'

After this, I tried to talk to Captain San Roman, who served under Batista and who commanded the invasion forces; but his French was almost unintelligible. All I was able to understand was that he was being well treated and properly fed. Other prisoners, who spoke English, confirmed this; one of them even said he was personally grateful to Castro for the humane treatment they had received.

This I can believe, for the invasion unleashed savage passions among Castro's young supporters; if he had listened to them, the 1,200 *ninos bien* ('white-haired boys' is a rough translation) would have been shot on the spot. But Castro held strongly that such an act would be unworthy of the revolution. His plan, he said, was to get the prisoners to dig trenches in preparation for future invasions. If their American protectors did not want their 'white-haired boys' to work, then let them send bulldozers instead – one for every two prisoners. So was born the idea of the exchange, and it now looks as if most of the 1,200 will soon be leaving the Sports Stadium as free men. I must admit that, when I visited it, I didn't think such a happy outcome was conceivable.

Paris

The Plastic Peace

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last Saturday, at the Hotel du Parc in Evian, negotiations with the Algerian nationalists opened after seven years of war. M. Joxe, one of de Gaulle's closest colleagues, announced at once that the French forces had received the order to cease fire, that 6,000 political prisoners would be released in the course of the next month, and that Ben Bella and his companions would be removed from prison to a chateau in the Loire country. Far from gratitude, this provoked an angry response from the nationalist delegation; they regarded these moves as an attempt to grant, in the form of a unilateral concession, what would, in any case, have had to be ceded in the course of the negotiations. Belkacem Krim and his team, in fact, feel themselves in a very strong position: they know that, in agreeing to sit down at the same table, the French government has recognised them, *de facto*, as the future masters of Algeria. For them, such details as the freeing of prisoners are essentially secondary: what they want is the recognition of the territorial integrity of Algeria and its absolute right to decide about its own alliances.

Nevertheless, de Gaulle won a psychological victory with these concessions. He proved to the world that he is indeed ready to end the war and that he no longer fears the reactions of the *ultras* or the army. Paris may be deluged with anonymous letters threatening the lives of de Gaulle and his ministers; but de Gaulle has shown that nothing will now deter him from peace-talks – indeed, it was a symbolic act to fix the trial of Challe and Zeller for the same week in which the negotiations got under way.

All this had led even the Soviet journalists at Evian to write of 'the sun of peace rising over the horizon'. But in Paris itself the atmosphere is still uneasy. De Gaulle's defeat of the April *putsch* has not entirely removed the fear that the army and the *colon* extremists are still unreconciled to peace. Plastic bombs continue to explode (last week they wrecked the offices of *France-Observateur*) but the police have so far failed to find any of the culprits, though cars entering or leaving Paris are meticulously searched. It is said that Salan and the five fugitive colonels, Godard, Gardes, Lacheroy, Broizat and Argoud, have now taken over the leadership of the so-called Secret Army (OAS) and are planning a new conspiracy in their Algerian hideout.

According to military experts I have talked to, the 'purge' of disloyal officers has been superficial, to put it mildly, and the loyalty of the professional soldiers is still doubtful. Indeed, if de Gaulle were to get rid of all the dubious elements it would mean disbanding three-quarters of the regulars. He is unwilling to do this, believing that the army has an essential role to play in the nation. Who, therefore, can guarantee that, however succesfully the Evian talks develop, they may not be again jeopardised by a further explosion in Algiers? Of those who know Algeria well, nine out of ten believe that some sort of attempt will be made to smash the peace-talks. Hence Paris remains nervous and watchful.

South Africa

Clearing the Battleground

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The grimmest news from South Africa is the report that hospitals are clearing out all patients except the seriously ill. In spite of the ban on all public gatherings imposed under the Suppression of Communism Act, and the General Law Amendment Act, which allows the government to keep suspects in prison for 12 days without bail or trial, the whole country is preparing for bloodshed. Thousands of Africans have been arrested, all police leave cancelled and the territorials called up, in an effort to prevent the strike which has been called for the beginning of next week to coincide with the declaration of the republic.

All these measures are sure to fail in their object of avoiding all demonstration against the republican celebration. What everyone awaits now is evidence of the degree of success for the non-European effort. On this will depend the course of the battle over the next few years. This struggle really began on 26 June 1950, when the first 'Day of Protest' was organised. Since then a series of attempts have been made to organise national strikes – the only means of protest left to the non-Europeans. Because strikes are illegal for Africans, the attempts have all been described by other names. Some have been successful in particular areas; others have been almost total failures. So liberal opinion in South Africa is watching this effort as evidence of the cumulative effect on non-European morale of the past 11 years of struggle.

The African campaign against apartheid will certainly continue whatever happens; but a successful strike will immensely sharpen the weapons in the hands of the African population, whilst a flop will delay the final victory, perhaps by many years.

Moscow

Everything but Fun

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The fair has everything but fun. Unlike the Americans, who two years ago occupied part of the same site at Sokolniki, and tried to 'sell' a way of life, British exhibitors have invested two million pounds sterling in the most determined effort to develop trade with Russia since the merchants adventurers' man Jenkinson sailed from Gravesend 400 years almost to the day before Maudling opened the trade fair in Mr Krushchev's unexpected and highly appreciated presence.

Soviet praise for the results is unstinted: the fair is *seriozno, solidny*, and the response of potential buyers, engineers and trade experts has been correspondingly serious. The entire venture was placed on a realistic footing when the principle was adopted that exhibitors would display products which corresponded in the main to the lists supplied by Moscow of what the Soviet foreign trade organisations wished to buy. So wide was the response that the fair's three great pavilions form a kind of exhibition of the potentialities of the Soviet market.

It is in this context that the close attention the Russians are paying to British consumer goods and equipment for light industry should be read. It was not to get ideas for his personal summer wardrobe that Krushchev spent so long at the stand of the National Wool Textile Export Corporation. It was a sign of the way the pattern of trade with Russia can change, provided, as Krushchev was to remind us on the next day, that prices were attractive to the keen Russian buyers. The Soviet Premier's assurance to British businessmen that his country's economy was now in a position to attach equal importance to light as to heavy industry was not news to the experts: the same has been said and written more formally several times during the past 12 months, nevertheless, this was the first time any Soviet leader has underlined this fact to a foreign audience. Not that the conclusion should be drawn that Russia intends to reverse its policy of manufacturing itself everything its consumers are to be supplied with. But this is a principle that cannot be applied rigidly unless economic autarky rather than independence is the aim.

No one was surprised, and quite a number of businessmen were visibly gratified, that Krushchev mentioned the desirability of British purchases of Russian oil. Mr Maudling is letting it be known that he is not prepared to discuss an oil quota with the Soviet Minister of Foreign Trade. He will certainly have to listen to what the Russians have to say on the subject, and there are plenty of British consumer goods manufacturers in Moscow today who will echo Krushchev's words that a quota for Russian oil would be likely to increase Russian buying in their field of production.

Universities

Sites and Syllabuses

NORMAN MACKENZIE *writes:* Coventry, Colchester and Canterbury – with one more site yet to be announced – make the last group of new foundations to be approved by the University Grants Committee before Lord Robbins and his colleagues make their proposals for the future of higher education. It is still anybody's guess how many more universities will be started by 1970: the inspired estimate of Unilever, in offering £25,000 to each as a christening gift, seems to be six more than those yet decided. They will almost certainly include Plymouth, Gloucester and Bournemouth, whose proposals were turned down this time, at least one more in Scotland, and one or two in the north of England.

One of the present difficulties is that the UGC can only accept or reject suggestions put to it with substantial local support. While it can choose between these, it does not decide on its own initiative to set up a new university. Sensible though it might be, for instance, to have a university at Scunthorpe – to take Professor Armytage's now-famous remark – the UGC must wait for Scunthorpe to ask. When the Robbins committee has decided what the national pattern of higher education should look like, it will no doubt propose a number of new sites for universities, training and technical colleges.

The decisions about sites are important, for they may largely determine the character of new foundations: Coventry is likely to have a bias towards science and engineering; Canterbury towards the liberal arts. It is probable, indeed, that Canterbury will move in much the same direction as York, whose recently announced plans contain several fresh and unconventional ideas about traditional problems.

The intention at York is to develop a college system which will permit more association between staff and students outside teaching hours. It will not be possible for all students to live in these colleges – though the board thinks at least half should be residential – but every student will belong to one, take meals in it and regard it as the focus for extra-curricula activities.

More opportunity will also be given for the less senior staff to participate in the affairs of the university. While the professorial board will still supervise appointments, promotion and salaries, there is to be a general board representing the whole staff which will be consulted on matters of policy. This marks a considerable advance on the present situation in a number of universities, where staff members below the rank of professor often learn of decisions that vitally affect their academic work and conditions of employment through the local press.

A third proposal is designed both to counter the emphasis on specialisation and the rigid academic divisions that follow from this. Like Brighton, York will have schools rather than faculties; and while students will take a 'major' subject, they will be given a wide choice of subsidiary courses which may range across the conventional boundaries. This will permit more flexibility without making the degree course so 'general' that the student may graduate without any definite academic skill. This much is a victory for those who think at least as much weight should be given to education as to vocational training.

The Long Vacation

NORMAN MACKENZIE

This article is based on a quota sample of 500 students at the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, London, Bristol, Leicester, Nottingham, Leeds, Manchester and Glasgow. The national distribution between the sexes and between arts and science faculties is reflected in the sample. The students interviewed were drawn from all social classes. Classified by father's occupation they fell into the following categories: Managerial 31 per cent; Professional 25 per cent; Clerical and Technical 19 per cent; Industrial workers 15 per cent; and Business 10 per cent. More than 90 per cent of the students had some kind of award.

What use should be made of the long vacation? Each year this question must be answered by nearly 100,000 university students and by thousands more training as teachers and in technical colleges. Some, of course, can afford to spend this break of up to 14 weeks in traditional style – off exploring in Africa, climbing in the Himalaya or travelling wherever means and fancy take them. Some will settle down to read. But these are luxuries for a minority. For the majority the leisured tradition means little: the age in which £20 would see a man through a Paris summer or take him across Europe ended in 1939. Today, though dons may deprecate it, for students the long vacation is primarily a time for paid employment – much of it dull and menial.

Yet too little attention has been paid to what has become one of the most significant features of student life. While the academic calendar has remained unchanged, its social implications have altered. Taking all the vacations together, the average student is now an ordinary worker for two or three months of the year. How far is this necessary? Is it desirable? And does it demand a new approach to university vacations?

The first point was to establish how many students worked during the long vacation of 1960. (Work at Christmas and Easter was excluded.) The results are given in the table below. This shows that over three-quarters had paid employment. The fact that a slightly higher proportion of men worked is due to two facts: that relatively more women students come from middle-class homes, and that the male students include more scientists and engineers, for whom practical work may be a normal vacation activity.

Secondly, even more students planned to take some kind of paid work this summer. Part of this increase is accounted for by first-year students who did not work between school and college, but will now take jobs. But almost half of the second-year students who chose not to work last year expect to do so now. This suggests that the trend to paid vacation work is continuing.

What kind of work did these students do? The range of jobs was wide – from general labouring, farm and factory work, to employment in offices and shops. Many girls worked as waitresses; men worked as waiters, orderlies and batmen at army camps. Several sold ice-cream or drove lorries. One sold corsets, one was chauffeur to a bishop, two were guides to castles. Others took jobs on the Continent in restaurants, with families, or in industrial concerns. Most, but not all those who took such casual employment, were students in arts and social sciences: those taking scientific, technical or foreign language courses found it rather easier to get jobs which related to their academic interests. In certain cases they were required to do this as part of their course of study.

Yet most students have to take what they can find, and casual work that is both remunerative and interesting is hard to come by. The Blackpool beach-guard who collected a fair wage and 'satisfied my interest in female holiday-makers' was a rare case. 'Only we students, who have no choice,' one man sardonically remarked, 'would take some of these wretched jobs.' One student after another said the work was dull, arduous and, as one put it, 'death to the spirit'.

They found these jobs in a variety of ways. An Oxford girl had advertised in *The Times* agony column; one man disarmingly replied 'nepotism'; several social scientists had applied for jobs abroad through the Association Internationale des Etudiants en Sciences Economiques et Commerciales; a few others had gone through the National Union of Students, their own university's appointments board or a labour exchange. But the majority had made their own arrangements – by asking friends, by writing to hotels, answering advertisements in local papers or simply walking into an office or factory and asking for a job. Several who lived away from large towns complained that there were no adequate opportunities to work near home. This may be one reason – work at resorts and abroad is the other – why one-third of all those who worked were away from home.

PAID EMPLOYMENT IN THE LONG VACATION

	Worked in last long vacation	Did not have paid work	Plan to work in coming vacation	Do not plan to work
Percentage of all students	77·4	22·6	83·5	16·5
All males	79·2	20·8	81·7	18·3
All females	72·1	27·9	78·1	21·9
Arts and the Social Sciences				
Males	75·5	24·5	82·3	17·7
Females	71·4	28·6	79·0	21·0
Science and Technical				
Males	88·0	12·0	89·5	10·5
*Females	43·0	57·0	86·3	13·7

** Base small and weighted by first-year students.*

RESULTS OF EMPLOYMENT IN THE LAST LONG VACATION

Average Duration in weeks	*Average earnings per week*
7*	**£8. 10†**
** 23 per cent worked for a minimum of ten weeks*	*† 32 per cent earned at least £10 per week*

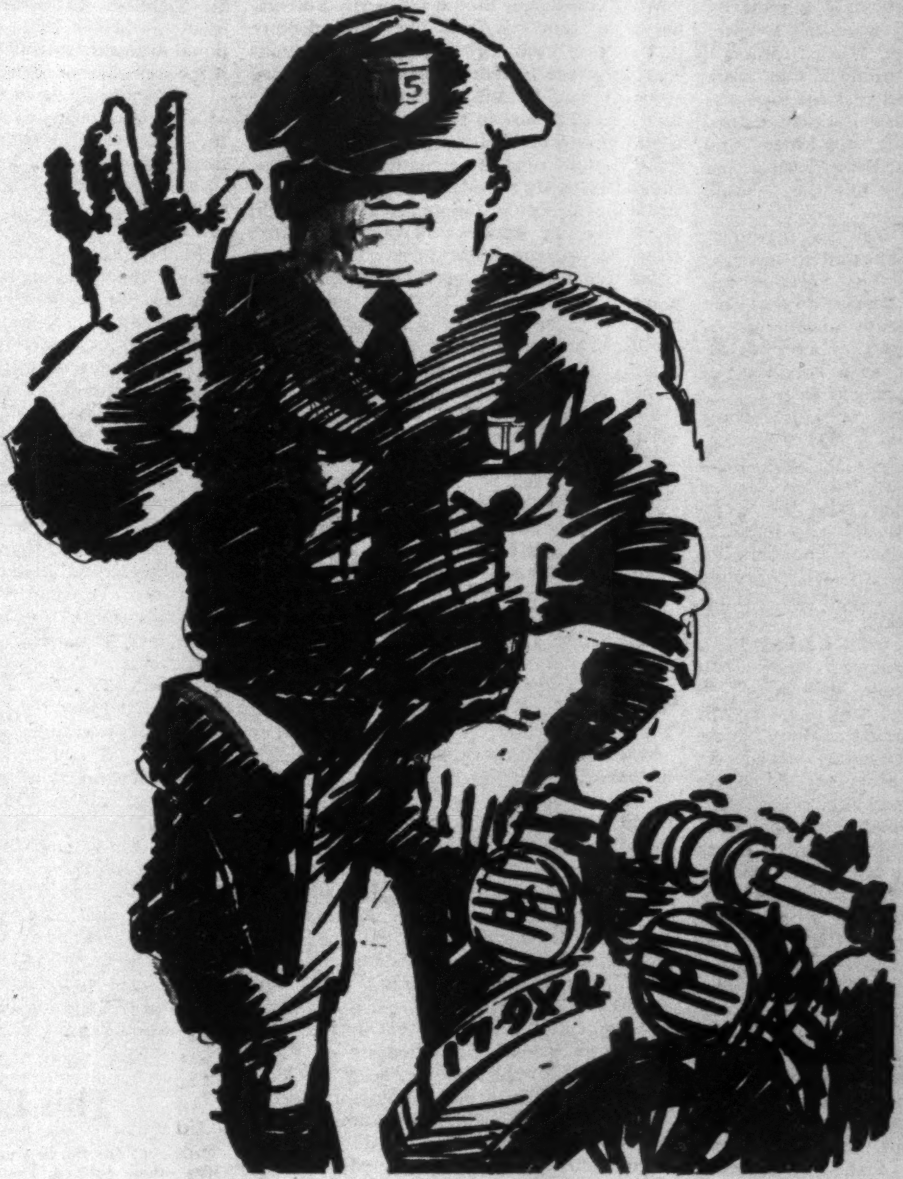
PERCENTAGE OF ALL EMPLOYED

Liked employment	*Disliked employment*
73	**27**

How long did they work on average? The table above shows that at least half the vacation was used in paid employment, and that the average gross earnings were about £60. But it also shows that despite the common complaints about the kind of work done – 'It was criminally below my capacities', said one – a majority liked the idea of working for at least part of the vacation. Almost all said that they needed the money: in extreme cases to meet essential expenses, in most cases to provide a margin for extras, or to finance a foreign holiday.

Foreign holidays, indeed, are an important objective. They are achieved in various ways. A fortunate minority can combine them with paid work – which ranges from the *au pair* girl looking after children or the physicist dish-washing in a Swiss café to the engineer working in a Finnish paper-mill and the psychology student who was a ship's-steward. Others use the money earned as labourers, clerks or bus-conductors to finance a trip abroad. In certain cases a group from a university went abroad – to Canada on a special charter flight, in one case – and found what jobs they could on arrival. Some idea of the scale of foreign travel is given by the fact that last year over 4,000 students left Britain on special student flights, and another 1,500 by special train. Larger, but unknown numbers, make their own travel arrangements.

The need for money, expressed by almost all those who had paid work, was explained in a variety of ways. While a majority felt themselves to be hard up, this was comparative poverty. (Half the awards had a cash value of more than £200.) A few said they needed money for a car or motor-cycle, travel or term-time spending money; more wanted it to relieve dependence upon parents for pocket-



JUST A MINUTE, BUSTER!

WHADDYA think *you're* doing? Lent ya eyes to ya Grandma to read the Declaration? *No,* wise guy? Then how come you missed the signs? We're making with the welcome in this precinct, and we don't want no broken-down jalopies spoilin' the outlook. It's the Veeps, Buster, the VEEPS . . . straight off the Boeing from England. Had themselves the sky-time of their lives . . . wining, dining, getting the kind of sweetness-and-light treatment that makes Pollyanna look like Lizzie Borden. This town's got sump'n to live up to, boy. Yeah, that's right—Air India. For a private eye, you pick up a fast clue. And now move over, will ya . . . here they come.

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AIR-INDIA

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London Manchester Glasgow Leeds Birmingham money or travel expenses; only a minority declared it was absolutely necessary to meet term-time college expenses. It was, rather, a feeling on the part of students that more should not be asked of their parents than was already being given; if they wanted extras, such as clothes, money for beer and cigarettes, records, books, entertainment and to take a girl out, they felt they should provide it themselves.

A desire for money was an important motive. But it was supplemented in so many cases by positive approval of vacation employment that it is a fair conclusion that even if grants were increased many students would continue to work – unless they were specifically refused permission as a condition of higher grants. Some said this in terms.

This was, perhaps, the most interesting point of the whole survey. 'Every student should be compelled to take up some form of practical work for a limited time', said a Leicester girl: 'this would raise the social status of students and would help liquidate the rumour that students are just parasites on society'. 'How can any self-respecting student', asked another, 'expect her parents to support her for 14 weeks?'

A miner's daughter, who worked in a laundry, expressed a common opinion: 'It brings you down off your high horse'. 'It gives a taste of real life', said one Glasgow student: 'it's bad to graduate without doing a stroke of real work' another added. An Oxford undergraduate observed: 'A chance of reorientating to normal life after a long exercise in social and intellectual snobbery'. And many others made such remarks as 'it's good to be with people who aren't students for part of the year', or 'a useful experience'.

Though the students from working-class homes took paid employment as a matter of course – 'it's a social stigma where I live if you are idle for three months', one said – those who were better-off seemed to have a genuine sense of gain from it, of standing on their own feet. Many of them, moreover, felt that continued study through the long vacation was either not possible or not desirable. 'You need a change of pace', said one; 'you can't study all the time', said another. I had a sense that, just as many students find it difficult in their first year to adjust to the new habits of study that a university requires (and often receive too little help in this adjustment), so many do not know how to organise their long vacation. Left to their own devices, they find systematic academic work extremely difficult. This was borne out by the experience of the minority that did not have paid employment last vacation.

Half of them, it is true, had holidays abroad. A quarter of them attended a summer school or a conference of some kind. But, when asked to make an estimate of the amount of academic study they had done, only 17 per cent replied that they had done a good deal. Another 33 per cent said they had done a fair amount, but the remaining 50 per cent confessed that they had done very little.

What is the general picture that emerges from this survey? It is that despite the differences in the personal circumstances of students – some work from necessity, others from choice – some kind of paid work was taken for granted even among those who came from comfortably-off families. The undergraduate with enough means to do what he pleases, or enough intellectual drive to stick to his books through a vacation, is exceptional and seems likely to remain so.

What conclusion should university authorities draw from this fact? They may deplore it; they may even seek to impose restrictions – as some local authority grants are restricted – which would limit the number of weeks that a student can do paid work. But is such a policy wise or likely to be effective?

Its wisdom is partly a matter of academic standards, partly of values. In the absence of further evidence, it cannot be assumed that more academic work would be done if there were less vacation employment – not, at least, unless other changes were made. And quite a lot might be lost: it is almost certainly a good thing for students to rub off some of the sheen of privilege for a few weeks each year, as many of them seem to realise. This is one valuable road to maturity. And if, in the course of work, they can travel as well or acquire the money to travel, one of the traditional ends of the long vacation is thus reasonably served.

Restrictions might be effective if grants were substantially increased. But quite large increases would be necessary. It seems probable that students as a whole earn something like £3m in the summer months, and possibly as much as £6m over the year: they earn, that is, about one-sixth of the amount paid out in grants. There is a case for further revision of the present grant system, and the removal of anomalies. (Some councils pay vacation grants, others do not.) But no foreseeable increase would stop large numbers of students seeking work.

There are, however, other changes that might be considered. The first is to improve both the job opportunities for students and the means by which they find them. This means that employers who might, with a little trouble, provide useful jobs should be encouraged to do so as a national policy. Psychologists, economists, statisticians, physicists, zoologists and historians could learn more, and still get a wider social experience, if they could find jobs that offered them something better than labouring or routine clerking. But a condition of such a policy is some kind of vacation employment service supported by the university authorities and the student unions.

Individually some make the effort. But the scale is neither large enough nor sufficiently systematic. Employers could become accustomed to taking students only if they had confidence in some recognised method of recruitment. At present the bulk of the jobs that are handled by the NUS or local university agencies are casual work with the Post Office and British Railways – and many of those who take them are Africans who cannot get other employment because of colour prejudice.

Such a scheme is feasible: engineering firms, for instance, have long made special plans for students doing scientific or technical courses, and other large employers, such as Shell, ICI, government offices, newspapers and the BBC, could well find unexpected advantages in taking students who they might later wish to employ.

Nor need such changes be confined to long vacation employment. We are clearly moving towards the American pattern, where students expect to support themselves to some extent, and where the college depends upon their work in libraries, dining-halls and similar duties. Thus regular part-time work in term-time may become a common practice.

If this prospect fills some academics with horror (as it does), they cannot avert it merely by insisting on the sanctity of the long vacation. They must ask themselves – as Sir Geoffrey Crowther has already asked them – whether some changes in the traditional academic calendar are required. Would it be sensible to consider, for example, a fourth academic term at a selected number of universities open to students from all over the country? The facilities – halls of residence, digs, libraries, labs and lecture rooms – are often empty in the long vacation, though in term-time they may be insufferably crowded.

In these special terms students could take general courses (a chance to give science and technical students the 'educational' background which, in the press of 'training' is often lost) or even study more extensively at the margins of their own subjects. They could be stimulated by fresh faces at the lecture-desk, by meeting students doing similar courses at other universities, or from overseas. And they would be able to use libraries and study under conditions more familiar and congenial than those they often face in trying to do academic work at home.

This would cost money: maybe special grants would be needed for those who chose to attend. Though it would put additional demands on university teachers, and might even involve some kind of rota system for staff vacations, there could be compensating financial and other advantages. And for a substantial minority of students it would be the most rewarding way of using a long vacation: it could well be combined with a limited amount of paid employment.

It is, at least, worth consideration. For, as the Robbins Committee must realise as it surveys the whole scene of higher education, the long vacation is the most muddled, unsatisfactory, and tradition-bound part of the academic year. Its social content has changed with the expansion of the universities, with full employment, and the earlier maturity of young men and women. It ought not to be allowed to linger on unexamined as a relic of the Grand Tour.

This England

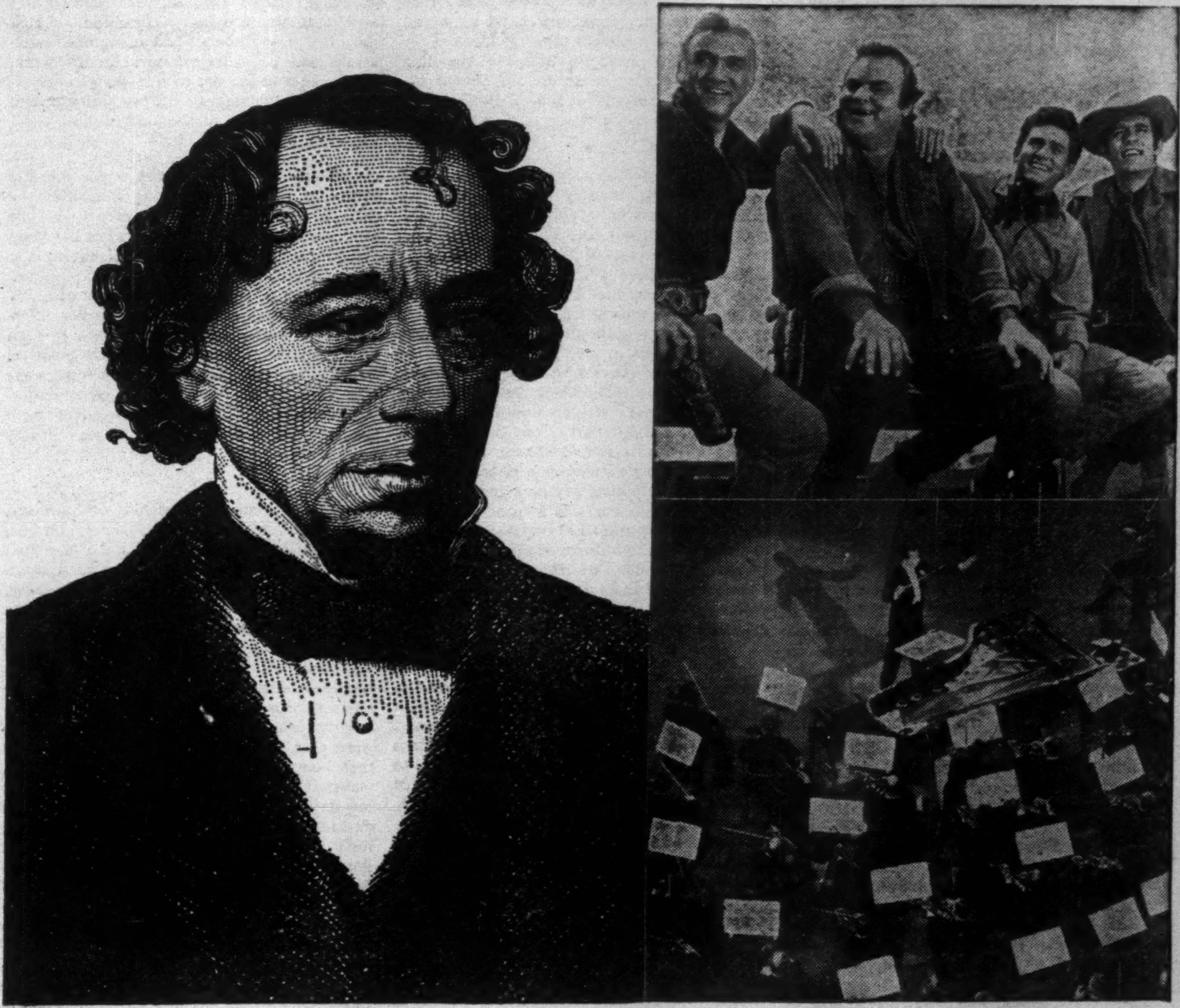
Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

When the Bridlington Rural Council reappointed a Civil Defence committee at its annual meeting, Councillor D. Foxon asked what they were supposed to do as they had never had a meeting for three years. The chairman replied: 'The committee is in existence in case it is required.' Councillor Foxon asked: 'What if an H-bomb dropped?' A member said: 'Then we would have a meeting.' – *Guardian.* (Nicholas Taylor.)

Said Mr Profumo: 'I do not think anything will give the Russians a better idea of our democratic way of life than having a look at the Queen on her birthday, surrounded by some of the most valiant troops in the world.' – *Daily Mail.* (E. M. Cowley.)

What on earth is wrong with being a snob? I'm of working-class origin, but I do everything to conceal it. I'm proud that I can afford to outdo my neighbours with a more expensive car and a bigger and better furnished house. I send my children to a public school and forbid them to mix with children of inferior educations. – Letter in *Weekend.* (Stephen Morris.)

A Hampshire magistrate told a youth after he had been found 'Guilty' of maliciously wounding another youth with a knife: 'An Englishman doesn't use a knife – he uses his fists. Carrying a knife to fight with is a cowardly thing . . . what you expect foreigners and dagos to do.' – *Southern Daily Echo.* (G. Fulleylove.)



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London Diary

CRITIC

The first question that the two K's must discuss in Vienna is an agreement on nuclear tests. Talking with informed people in Washington recently, I heard it put this way. It is always difficult to get the two-thirds majority in the Senate which is necessary for any treaty. Krushchev ought to understand that he must make concessions to enable Kennedy to present the treaty as, in some measure, an American victory. If no treaty goes through, the pressure on him to renew the tests, which may spell final disaster for everyone, will become irresistible. But what is the Kremlin's policy? Is it still, as Sir Winston Churchill once said, 'a riddle wrapped up in an enigma'? In detail it is sometimes puzzling, but I have never thought Soviet purpose or strategy difficult to understand.

The object is the world victory (not world conquest) of Communism. The strategy is to win by 'peaceful co-existence.' Peaceful means economic, as opposed to nuclear war. Co-existence means trade competition plus economic and psychological exploitation of the revolutionary ferment in undeveloped countries. The cards are heavily stacked on Krushchev's side. In Asian countries, like Korea and Laos, for instance; in Africa, and to an increasing extent in Latin America, the anti-capitalist revolutionary feeling already exists. In a country like Persia Krushchev can safely wait until the gift is handed him on a plate. Kennedy is driven to frustrated fury by having to watch this process. He cannot make war, and so now talks of 'making a stand' (perhaps in Viet Nam) and reorganising Allen Dulles's counter-revolutionary subversives. But he must know that it is not the USSR which makes the revolutions and the activities of the CIA play into Communist hands. He threw away a great opportunity in Cuba, where America could have smothered Communism by supporting Castro's Socialism. Theoretically, he still has a chance in Latin America. But that would mean that the US would have to support revolution, which, I suppose, is a contradiction in terms. Capitalism would have to cease to be capitalism to foster social revolution.

* * *

The exception, of course, was Marshall Aid, because Europe could be rehabilitated without revolution. For that reason Berlin, which seemed to the Communists a sitting target after the war, remains the most dangerous spot in the world. Krushchev was probably glad that the U2 folly enabled him to end the last Summit with credit, because he saw that the West was not ready to budge on Berlin. No doubt the two K's will again discuss it in Vienna. They both know the danger since either East or West Germany – the East is at least as likely as the West – might call the bluff on one side or the other. Neither K is wholly free here. Krushchev has East Germany and China pulling and pushing; Kennedy is handicapped by Adenauer, the Republican Party, and a public opinion long fed on illusions. Conceivably they might be ready for a compromise. If Berlin were an international city, administered by the UN, the inhabitants of West Berlin – those of course who wish to leave the city would be given a chance to do so – would have better security than they have now. And so would the world. I can see no other solution if we are not to go on living with the appalling prospect of having some day to choose between abject surrender and a third world war starting over Germany.

* * *

The Polaris demonstrators have succeeded in embarrassing almost everyone – which in some circumstances could be good tactics. They have obviously embarrassed the authorities. As in the case of the suffragettes, such tactics could have a climax in loss of life. They embarrass the Labour Party which, judging from recent trade union votes, is overwhelmingly with them about Britain's folly and danger in giving hospitality to the Polaris missile. Direct Action tactics also embarrass the CND, which holds that the only way to make Britain non-nuclear is to convert the Labour Party. You can't make a Conservative government change its defence policy by getting yourselves arrested or manhandled by the police. My nonconformist upbringing – my father was a 'passive resister' against the Education Bill of 1902 – urges me to share in this mild form of martyrdom. And I am vulnerable to the argument that I am prevented from doing so by comfortable cowardice. But my reason tells me that this ancestral urge should be resisted.

* * *

I know of no case where the division between informed and purely emotional opinion is so sharp as in the controversy about corporal and capital punishment. The issue is not political; indeed it comes nearer to splitting the Tory Party than any issue of recent years, not forgetting Suez. R. A. Butler and Lady Elliot are neither more or less humane than Sir Thomas More and his friends; they are merely Conservatives who have been convinced by the evidence. Against them the 'plain shrewd Briton', as G. K. Chesterton used to call him, *knows* that violent crime must be decreased by violent punishment. How can anyone doubt it? He would be jolly well deterred from any of the crimes he is prone to – dangerous or drunken driving, for instance – if he knew he ran the risk of being flogged. It simply does not occur to these quite human but instinctive floggers and hangers that young hooligans, who have usually been beaten silly all their lives and who are, above all, proud of their reputation for taking as well as handing out punishment, may not be similarly deterred.

* * *

Like many others who should have known better, I used to imagine that Tagore was a woolly kind of mystic. I have had to wait for his centenary celebrations to learn that he was an artistic genius in many fields, a musician, satirist, nationalist leader and, late in life, a painter who turned his doodles into original and modernistic works of art. Most surprising of all, his *Three Daughters* makes everyone laugh. He suffered much, it seems, from his own hasty translations of his own poems. After winning the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1930, he was in a hurry to make money for his school and community centre at Shantinmekatan, with the result that the British intelligentsia never understood why an authority like W. B. Yeats hailed him as a brilliant new star from the East. He revered Gandhi and wired his understanding and support when the Mahatma began the fast that so nearly ended his life in 1932. But his approach, unlike Gandhi, was scientific. I hope that the centenary committee, which has a big programme of producing new translations and providing lectures on his work, will be able to convey to non-Bengali speaking people the quality of his satirical and political thought.

* * *

There should be a generous response to the appeal to aid Barbara Castle in meeting the costs of her unsuccessful libel action. The fund should be regarded as a way of thanking her for the part she played in ending the Cyprus killings. She is quite justified in claiming that she helped to save the lives of many British soldiers by showing, after her interview with Makarios and the Turks, that an accommodation between them was possible. I should say that the remarks which were the substance of the libel action were understatements. I could wish she had spoken more strongly and not worried about the attacks upon her.

* * *

In the early morning sunshine on Saturday, I stumbled, to my astonishment, on ten human bodies stretched out in the lane that skirts my cottage. Each had a head on a rucksack; some of the bodies were snoring. Like so many Polaris demonstrators, they blocked the roadway and might has been massacred a little later by the milk float and the postman's van. The bodies belonged to London students who had set out on a hike late on the previous night and had walked in a bitter wind for six or seven hours. They were glad of coffee. After that they cooked their own porridge and eggs on Primus stoves. I was delighted at this enterprise. In my day we did it on bicycles, riding in the day and sometimes sleeping in haystacks at night. But the cars have made roads a misery. And the motor cycle is merely a lonely suicidal substitute which has none of the virtues of road companionship. A great revival of hiking seems due. We need a more intensive campaign about the countryside. The BBC does its best about fires and litter, but seems not yet to have had much effect on those motorists who eat in their cars by the roadside, throw their rubbish out of the window, and push their way on tracks into beauty spots which they strew with banana skins. My observation of hikers is that they seldom offend in these ways. Meanwhile, farmers, anxious to plough to the greatest advantage, obliterate ancient footpaths. Only this weekend a fuming walker, who has known the district all his life, told me that a local bigwig had put a fence across an immemorial right-of-way and marked it 'Private'. The roads now irretrievably belong to the motorists. Walkers should unite to defend their rights.

* * *

People who had read Lord Reith's strange appeal in the agony column of *The Times* or the discussions of it in the *Daily Mail* or the *Evening Standard*, seem to have laughed a good deal at my little joke in this Diary last week. But too many people took it seriously. One well-known international Socialist asks me to dispose of my largely mythical collection of documents in a famous Institute for Social History. Others want to know whether I counted the five million words, and suggest that Critic has shown even worse taste than usual. I should have remembered Northcliffe's maxim that 'no one has yet heard of Pear's soap'.

LIVELY PLACES IN THE SUN

EDUCATION has high priority in the go-ahead states of West Africa. These secondary-schoolboys of Mfantsipim college, Ghana, like their fellows in Nigeria, will be trained in the universities for new tasks in a more *industrial* economy.

Men and energy in West Africa

GHANA AND NIGERIA, two of Africa's most progressive states, are throwing themselves energetically into the development of their new nationhood.

Both countries (and their newly independent neighbour, Sierra Leone) will depend on expanding education to provide trained manpower, hence the many new schools and the fine universities at Ibadan and Accra. Both countries are keenly aware of the need to diversify their economies—to build up new industries rather than depend on agriculture, as at present. Both have adopted farsighted and liberal policies in attracting foreign capital to establish these industries. And both have ambitious plans for producing the electrical energy they will need, from their resources of coal, natural gas, oil and water: Ghana, with her great Volta Dam project, and Nigeria, planning schemes on the Niger and Kaduna rivers, are both preparing to meet the demands of their rising industries with an abundance of power.

ENGLISH ELECTRIC IN WEST AFRICA

For many years now The English Electric Company has been active in developing power production. As long ago as 1931 a water turbine generating set was installed at the Kurra Falls power station in Nigeria. In Ghana today, English Electric diesel-generator sets are already on the Volta Dam site to supply the needs of the workers' town there. There is English Electric generating and distributing plant in industry and public works from Kano airport in Northern Nigeria to Port Harcourt and Lagos in the south, in Ghana and, much further west, in Gambia and Sierra Leone.

Railway equipment is another branch of electrical engineering for which this company is well known—in fact its customers are found in over 35 countries. A delivery of 14 diesel-electric locomotives for Ghana was followed by an order for 12 more; all these are now in service. English Electric also pioneered the diesel-electrification of the expanding railway system of Nigeria.

And so the fruitful relationship grows. These countries can depend on the store of technical knowledge, skill and research which lie behind every contract with English Electric, while English Electric gains there further valuable experience in the special requirements of West Africa.

ENGLISH ELECTRIC MOTORS, supplied under a comprehensive contract, driving cotton-processing plant in Kaduna Textile Factory, Nigeria. English Electric has on order equipment for a further textile mill in Nigeria.

ONE OF TWENTY-SIX 750-h.p. diesel-electric locomotives built for Ghana by English Electric. Similar locomotives have been supplied by English Electric to Nigeria.

POWER FOR PEACE

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The Worry Clinic

C. H. ROLPH

If you wanted to find out what today's adolescents are thinking, hoping and fearing, and to do it by methods that could be so validated as to afford a basis for social and educational planning, how would you set about it?

There are dozens of different ways (you could try a little of each), but they seem to be of three main kinds: studying captive groups, pursuing teenagers on the wing, and enticing individuals to come in and talk to you. The ground has been worked over in these several ways until many teenagers, whether or not they ever hear of the resulting theses, reports and books about them, must now see themselves as belonging to a separate species, full of sombre interest for experts with Hollerith machines. And thus the barrier between the generations, especially between parent and child, seems to grow higher and wider.

There are said to be many homes in which the years from 15 to 19 are years of almost suicidal despair. Even if this were true, routine affection, family loyalties, Christmas and birthdays, lack of enterprise, and a kind of universal decency get the great majority of adolescents through this period without self-evident damage. But no one should doubt the need for some kind of extra-familial advice service, perhaps a 'worry clinic', to which adolescent and parent can singly and separately carry their problems.

This is how the recently-formed Youth Studies and Research Foundation proposes to begin a long series of research projects. Working from an office placed at its disposal by the Faculty of Laws at King's College, London, it is organising, first, a Young People's Consultation Centre, a scheme entirely without a predecessor as at present conceived. The centre will be in Hampstead, and its presence there is going to be made known to the young people it seeks to attract by means of advertisements and by way of personal calls upon local doctors. It opens this week-end.

Interviews with adolescents will be advisory only. The sole resemblance to 'treatment' will be in the process by which discussion enables the adolescent to put his problems into perspective and arrange his thoughts. He will be led into this aptitude by the use of four basic questions: What is the problem that he thinks he is worried about? What does the consultant make of that? What is the best immediate advice that he can be given? What is the adolescent willing to accept from the service offered?

Clearly this may sometimes involve the need to call upon other services already well-established (for example the Tavistock Clinic), and it is expected that, as the service develops and the need for specific kinds of material help appears, new gaps in the present provisions for assisting adolescents will be discovered. The information accumulated will be condensed into published reports.

But no doubt the main importance, at this stage, of the Youth Studies and Research Foundation is that it will initiate inquiries and research projects which so often fail to attract the support of the established grant-making organisations. There are people working, often professionally, in the world of the social sciences who long to see particular lines of inquiry followed up; and even where these are such as to commend themselves to the Home Office Research Unit or to the Cambridge Institute of Criminology, they must often take a lowly place in the queue for funds.

I know, for example, of a project to examine the complete life-histories of a small number of convicted murderers – young people who have killed in the course of committing lesser crimes, as distinct from domestic and *crime passionelle* cases in which the criminality is explosive and uncharacteristic. To make a deep study of even half a dozen youths like Victor Terry, sentenced to death for killing a bank messenger at Worthing on the very day of a much-publicised execution for a similar crime, must provide material never to be found in even the most painstaking and thorough reports from the probation service and the police. Such information is essential not only to the treatment of convicted murderers but also to the early recognition of homicidal symptoms.

The new foundation fulfils the long-cherished intention of a wealthy Dutch industrialist, who has made funds available for 'the discovery and alleviation of some of the radical ills of contemporary society'. Its chairman is Dr Anton Struycken, a former deputy Prime Minister of the Netherlands, and its director of studies is Dr T. E. James of the Faculty of Laws at King's College. Its choice of England as its field of operation is the outcome of a particular respect for British methods of social research. A first – and exploratory – project is already nearing completion: an investigation by Mr Emanuel Eppel and his wife Dr May Eppel into the habits of thought and 'moral sentiment' among adolescents, with the object of making available

> some useful tools that can be applied in practical situations by those concerned with the education and guidance of adolescents in democratic living and mental health.

Apart from the Eppels' project, however, I understand that in the not too distant future the Foundation will be interested to hear of any practicable scheme of social research – using the term in its widest sense, but with an emphasis on the problems of youth. It will not be likely to draw away from projects which are 'distasteful': many of the established trusts and foundations have done this in recent years, for example, in relation to the unsolved problems of homosexuality and its treatment. And once a project has been turned down by any of them, an efficient bush telegraph system ensures that all the others will turn it down too. (Their secretaries are popularly believed to meet fairly regularly for lunch.)

Now that the Foundation's funds are formally available, its trust deed drawn up, its committee formed and its consultants appointed – three years hard work by a representative medico-legal-sociological group – it is ready to go into action. It is a scheme unique in sociological research; and its trustees are ready to meet the widespread response which the social scientist's appetite for precisely this kind of opportunity makes certain.

Drifting, like . . .

ROY KERRIDGE

I was walking down the road when this bloke shouted 'Oy!'. So I stopped.

'Lend me a hand, sonny; I gotta move some crates. Three flights of stairs – dunno what the guv'nor thinks I am. You'll get paid all fair an' square, like.'

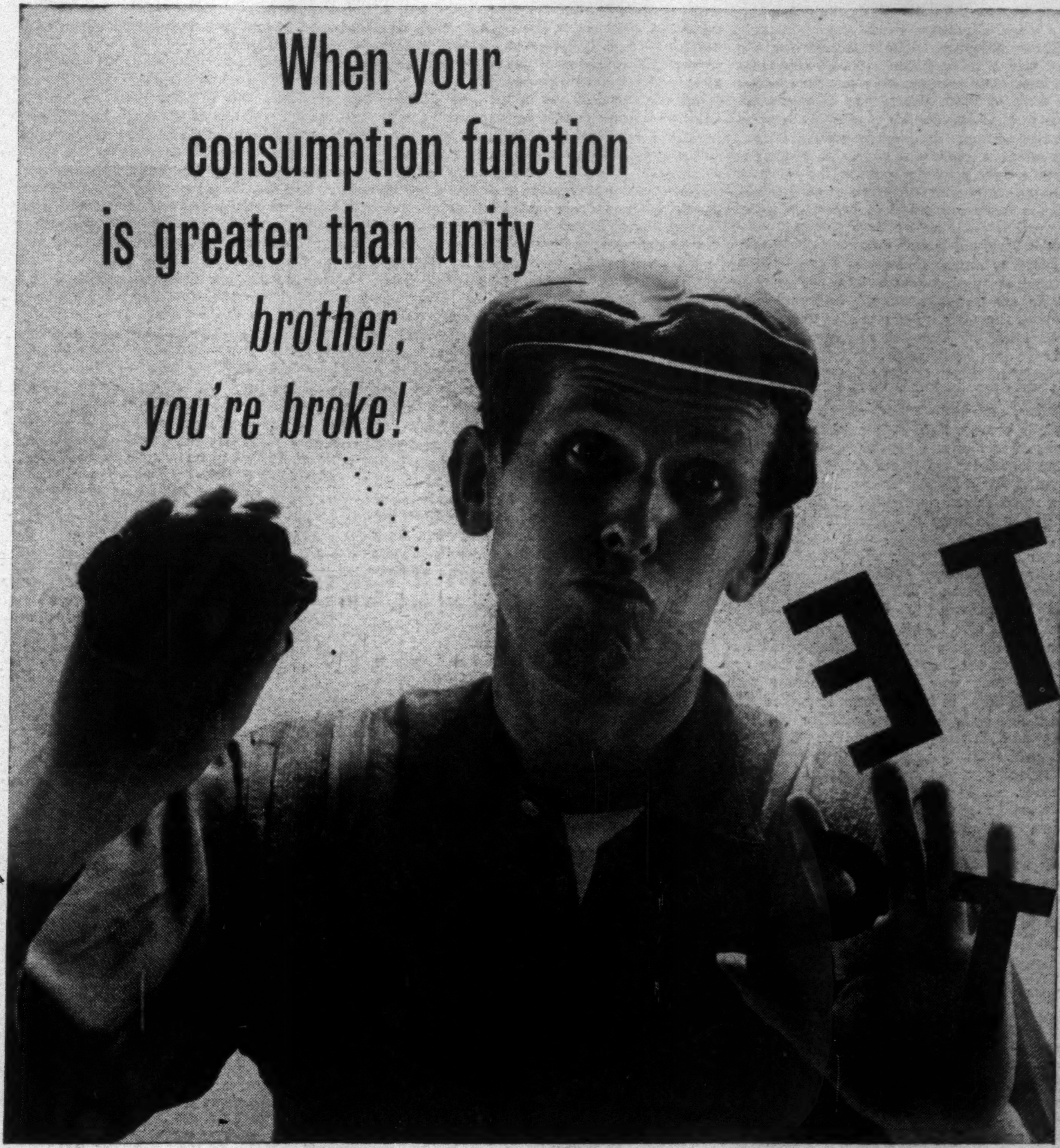
With much difficulty we hoisted eight large, empty crates down a tortuously twisted staircase and jammed them in the back of his van. The van doors wouldn't shut; so he tied them together with a rope, and we went and sat in a little caff for a bit, drinking tea out of large cups with no handles. Peaceful sort of place it was – you know, halfway lace curtains, sleepy cats, fairly clean tables and scattered middle-aged cloth cap products, snoozing, or reading fragments of newspaper, always the sports page. What with no juke-box and all, the place was an authentic relic of pre-teenage Britain.

When we'd drunk up, we were off. My new employer stopped the van three streets further on, and we unloaded the crates into a basement, where a quavering old couple told us how to arrange them in tiers, so's they'd act as steps up to the gas meter. When the job was done, the bloke held out two bob, which I looked at stonily, until he swapped it for half a dollar, which I thanked him for and scarpered. Going through the market, I saw a small group of Beatniks sitting on a kerbstone flicking pebbles about.

I'll take three paragraphs aside to expose the Beatnik phenomenon. There are no American-style Beatniks in Britain, but the press has stuck the Beatnik label on trad jazz fans. The teenage Beatnik movement seems to me to be one of intellectual snobbery. In every other way it is completely harmless – exhibitionism is the only trait shared by Beatniks and Teddy-boys. Most self-styled Beatniks are in fact art students, and it's a bit disappointing to find a bearded, bedraggled and barefooted character turn out to be an Oxford-accented would-be commercial artist, who has to be back in his suburban villa by 11.30 each night or his bank-clerking father would be furious.

Traditional jazz is spreading widely in popularity and frequently appears in the Top Twenty. To the annoyance of many snobs, its snob appeal is vanishing. Why such commercialised, harshly cheerful beat music should ever be rated on a higher level than Rock, I can't say; some of Bill Haley's efforts had a distinct Dixieland flavour to them. The 'Bohemian Jive', a prancy affair, is now an essential part of the repertoire, whether you wear points or sandals. All this annoys the students, who find it hard to keep up their self-imposed superiority.

Few of these snobs know much about jazz other than the British trad scene, though the more knowledgeable can be heard talking about Kid Ory. What really drives them up the wall is that ordinary working teenagers now dress up as art students on weekends, just for the kick, and even get hold of stripey college scarfs. (Modern jazz, I should ex-



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plain, is for listening not jiving, and its fans are scattered through every age and walk of life.) Myself, I don't have much ear for music and look on the whole thing as a bit of a laugh. Digression over.

These Beatniks, though dressed for the part, proved to be mainly sixth-formers from the local Grammar, having a last fling before the start of term. When they dispersed for their semi-detached pads, I made it over to the coffee-haunt I frequent at present. This is known as a modernist centre, a modernist being simply a youth wearing the latest in pseudo-Italian gear; therefore some modernists are more modern than other. (Where I live, the latest is an Italian-styled navy blue double-breasted suit, and chisel shoes.) Modernists regard themselves as completely normal, are regarded as such by the working public, and somewhat despise both Beats and Teds as show-offs. (There are no Teds in the town I live at.) They are reasonably pacifist and articulate, and range in occupations from builders' labourers to invoice clerks. Although not violent, they aren't particularly law-abiding, and quite a few get on probation. This is because they believe there are easier ways of earning than straightforward Labour Exchange jobs; and there are.

As it was day-time, everyone in the coffee bar was a sciver, on the dole or on the fiddle or just plain hopeful. Some had drifted into town with no money or prospects, half-heartedly seeking work and whole-heartedly seeking adventure. Others were on leave from the Merchant and resting between pub-crawls. You could tell the ones on leave or just out of nick by the outdated records they put on the juke-box. Man-hungry schoolgirls from the Sec. Mod., heavily made up, giggled their way around, smooching with several boys in succession. I parked my back-side on a bench, reached for the local rag and listlessly scanned the 'Situations Vacant'.

Friendly voices called out from a dark corner, so I poled over and met Nancy, Victor and a boy called Billy, who'd just hit town and picked up Nancy. Nancy is a cheeky 17, bejeaned and homeless, a coffee-bar waif who sleeps on a caff floor. When she works, it's club hostessing or coffee-bar serving. Victor is an ex-seaman in his twenties, who deserted in South Africa and got in law trouble out there for shacking up with a coloured bird. He shares digs with a mate and signs on at the Labour Exchange twice a week. Billy, who wore a black leather jacket, was just out of inside for smoking reefers and was at a loose end.

'Nowhere to go; we're all just drifting, like,' Nancy summed it up happily. Perhaps surprisingly, all these characters are easy going, ordinary looking and extremely intelligent. We talked for hours, reaching these conclusions: Aldermaston marches don't do much good; coloured birds are as good as white; some Beatniks are intelligent; the government are tyrants; politics are corrupt; and it's a bit dodgy working up on the scaffoldings. As to whether there is life after death, we were undecided.

As it got later, crowds of youths started to drift in. Among these I was surprised to see my mate Nick and his friend Bob, entering in a dazzle of respectively bright blue and purple Italian blazers, contrasting with near-white tapered trousers. They had spent the last two days hitching from town to town, trying to get jobs as waiters, and had covered 60 miles. Sleeping in a damp field had left them a bit rheumaticky, and they'd had no luck. Previously Nick had worked at a tailor's and Bob in a brewery. Bob ran away from a nagging father and Nick from a rent-demanding landlady, and neither were very eager to go back. They sat there wondering where to spend the night.

'You can sleep in the hall at my place,' I said, 'but you can't come in, as my folks'd blow their tops.'

'I know!' said Nancy; 'You can sleep in the Beatnik coffee bar. Beatniks do it, so why not you?'

When we got there, most of the art-student element had raved off to some shindig, and only adult bohemians were left. Some of these were obviously bent. Those who were Beatnik-type glared their hostility, but the older, leftish characters looked at us as curiously quaint sociological material. I didn't like this. Billy, Nick, Bob and me stood gawpingly aghast at two individuals in their twenties who were doing a slow jive to a Mozart record. The Beatnik serving laid down his sketch pad and asked us what we wanted; so Nancy, who knew the scene, set her persuasive charms to work to get Billy, Bob and Nick a free sky-sheltered bench to kip on. We stared on.

At last the chief Beatnik called us over, looked with hatred at our pointed shoes, and regretted that he'd no more room; so out we all trooped – Nancy to her friend's caff, Billy to a nearby bomb-site and Nick and Bob to my hallway. There I fixed them up with cushions off of the easy chairs and blankets off of my bed. In the morning I just hustled them out of the house before my folks got up. When my folks asked what I was doing dragging cushions up the stairs at 6.30 am, I said I was playing with them.

They took it quite philosophically.

Correspondence

SPYING ON THE LEFT?

SIR, – I do not think that any of us who remember J. M. Kennedy will accept Mr C. H. Norman's allegations that after Kennedy's death Orage discovered from his papers 'that Kennedy was paid by the government to inform on the activities and opinions of contributors to the *New Age*'. The incredibility of the story may be judged from Mr Norman's statement that 'the amusing side of this rather ugly affair was that Kennedy did not disclose to the Secret Service that he had succeeded me on the *New Age*, and so was paid for watching himself.'

This could be true only if nobody had known that J. M. Kennedy contributed to the *New Age* under the name of S. Verdad. But Kennedy made no secret of this. The only purpose of the pseudonym was to satisfy some conventional requirement of the *Daily Telegraph*, though in fact his editor and his chief on that paper both knew of his activities and had no objection to them. As his chief was Dr Dillon, who lived in the pocket of the Foreign Office, this alone is enough to make this story impossible to believe. But not only Fleet Street knew all about Kennedy's double function; he spread the news everywhere. When my mother and I went to Spain in my youth he gave us letters of introduction to people of various kinds in Madrid and Seville, English and Spanish, and in every

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one of them he mentioned that he had become S. Verdad since he last saw his correspondent. This was impressed on my mind by the fact that each recipient of these letters made some comment on the small Spanish joke in the pseudonym. My family frequently heard him mention his position on the *New Age* to people he was meeting for the first time at our house.

In fact, if a branch of Intelligence were interested in the *New Age* (which I find it hard to believe) the easiest thing for it to find out would have been that J. M. Kennedy was also S. Verdad; and that Kennedy was ever paid for watching S. Verdad is about as unlikely as that Kingsley Martin should ever have been paid for watching Critic. I pay the memory of J. M. Kennedy the compliment of thinking that it would have been as unlikely for him as for you to be in a position where such payment would have been possible.

REBECCA WEST

Ibstone House
High Wycombe, Bucks

SIR, – I was very surprised and disconcerted to see in your columns an unpleasant attack on a long-dead family friend, J. M. Kennedy of the *Daily Telegraph*. He was certainly not a 'jingo', but a singularly well-equipped foreign-affairs journalist with a rising reputation. It is of course of no value to protest that he seems in retrospect incapable of taking government pay to snoop on his friends, for a spy would naturally not appear obvious; but one is, I think, entitled to ask Mr Norman for the evidence for a story so improbable on other grounds. Why in the world should the Foreign Office be interested in a very small (if brilliant) paper like the *New Age* which was wholly unknown outside a limited circle? This was long before the 1917 revolution, and spying and treachery of this kind were not problems over which the 'government' (presumably the Home Office) worried; in any case much more influential journals were highly critical of our foreign policy without having their staffs interfered with. Why should any government pay out good money for information about contributors, which could have been obtained for nothing in a stroll down Fleet Street? Moreover, if Kennedy himself was not known to be a contributor to the *New Age* (in fact, an open secret), why did he get the assignment of spying on its staff? Above all, what is meant by the statement that Orage, who was no sensitive plant, and lived many years after Kennedy, 'never quite recovered' from the discovery of his deceit?

I wonder if Mr Norman can tell us if Kennedy's papers still exist, or whether any portions relevant to this accusation have been published.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

60 Beaufort Mansions
SW3

WHOSE HEADLINE?

SIR, – What is Christiansen trying to prove in your issue of 19 May? A bunch of edition times? He should have the courage to admit that he was not in the *Daily Express* office on the night of the Burgess and Maclean story, and that he was not responsible for the decision to publish it.

I was managing editor of the *Daily Express* at the time, and I say that Chris took no part in this. So does Eddie Rees, who was night editor.

In his book, Chris gives a word-for-word report of a talk he says he had on the telephone with Larry Solon in Paris. But Solon says he never spoke a word to Chris. Only to me.

As for Chris's edition catalogue, the *Daily Express* records show that the second edition began to run off the machines at 11.40 pm; and a slip page with the Burgess and Maclean story was running at 11.50 pm. This was not the third edition, but an emergency change-up to get the story in. The second edition was due to press at 11 pm, and the decision to change up must obviously have been made about that time. Not

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'long after midnight', as Chris asserts. The decision waś made by me. Not by the absent Arthur Christiansen.

S. C. Chandler

Daily Sketch
EC4

ARTHUR CHRISTIANSEN *writes*: Caught out in his claim that the B and M story was 'in the 10 o'clock edition', Chandler now throws a smoke-screen of names and edition times to cover his blunder. There were also plenty of people who saw and spoke to me that night, including Percy Hoskins, the crime reporter, whose final check in London was necessary before a word could be published. In any case, as *Headlines All My Life* reveals, the real triumph for my staff was not in the publication of the original news but in the pursuit of the missing diplomats for four years in face of official and unofficial hostility. As Chandler says I sacked him within a month of the B and M story breaking, he cannot share in this glory.

THE KIRK IN TROUBLE

Sir, – My Scots Presbyterian hackles rose when I read your column of 19 May entitled 'The Kirk in Trouble'. I have no desire to argue with its conclusion that the Church of Scotland is losing its once great hold on the people. I am a Minister of the Kirk, and from first-hand experience fear that it may be true. But I object strongly to the reason given by your correspondent, that the Kirk is being ground between the upper millstone of the Episcopal Church in Scotland and the nether millstone of the Roman Catholic Church. That is nonsense. Neither of these communions has more than a very few converts from Presbyterianism.

The membership of the Scottish Episcopal Church is made up of Englishmen living in Scotland and Scotsmen who have never been anything else than Episcopalians. To the second group belong the Scottish peers and lairds, to whom your correspondent attributes such an influence in the land. They are descendants of old Jacobite families, who sided with the Stuarts when the Presbyterian masses were loyal to the Hanoverians. Their public school education did not turn them against the Church of their fathers, but it has earned for their Church among the people the inaccurate but justified title of the 'English Kirk'. Far from threatening the position of the Church of Scotland, the Episcopal Church is declining rapidly. As the 'big hooses' are disposed of to make ends meet, the lairds leave, their former retainers revert to the parish church, and their chapels are closed.

Certainly the picture is very different with the Roman Catholic Church. It is growing fast, and perhaps, as your correspondent prophesies, its membership may exceed that of the Church of Scotland in two or three decades. But it is the high Catholic birthrate which will bring this about, not any large scale conversion from Presbyterianism. The Catholics in the West of Scotland, as in the Liverpool area, are 90 per cent of Irish extraction. Their forebears came over last century looking for work. Their priests are largely drawn from Eire, and to many of them Ireland is still home. The more extreme and vociferous among them can be seen waving the green flag of the Irish Republic any Saturday afternoon where Celtic FC is playing. (The militant Protestant counter-movement, the Orange Lodge, is also of Irish origin, this time from Ulster). Most of the converts from Presbyterianism have turned under pressure when they married a Catholic – hardly the best kind of convert! There is, of course, a small body of genuine Scots Catholics, most of them living in remote parts of the Highlands and Islands, which the Reformation never reached. Their relations with their Presbyterian neighbours are friendly, not being marred by imported feuds.

In short, the Presbyterian Kirk is the only national Church in Scotland. It has over 40 per cent of the adult population on its roll, an immeasurably superior proportion to, for instance, the Church of England. If it is losing its grip, it is because of the temper of the age, which is not favourable to religion, and for no other reason. It is not the only church in this situation.

Let me close with a tale, now rather hoary here, but perhaps not known to your readers. A Scotsman, who had never been over a kirk door, was waxing indignant over the 'Bishops Report' (the name given to the proposals of two years ago for some measure of unity between the Churches of England and Scotland). A friend pulled him up, 'Here, I thought you were an atheist.' 'Maybe', he replied, 'but I'm a Presbyterian atheist'. The story says a little for the affection in which the Auld Kirk is still held.

John C. L. Gibson

Manse of New Machar
Aberdeenshire

STRIKES IN THE SCHOOLS

Sir, – As a teacher I find it particularly disheartening to see the correspondence columns of so many journals littered with the snipings of the NAS controversy with the NUT. Here we are faced with a test of the recognition of the social value of education and the energies of some of those who should be in the forefront of a united campaign are being drained on a squabble of sectional interest.

Possibly this type of activity could be tolerated in a time of educational affluence but today we are very far from this position. It is worth reiterating that the conflict of the Scottish teachers is not just a matter of salaries. They are also concerned with the government's desire to dilute the standards of their profession. In England and Wales the position is even more serious because we already have a profession diluted by unqualified members and, in addition, a grave teacher shortage.

The reality of education today is to award the higher salaries needed to demonstrate the worth of the service and allow it to compete, in numbers and quality, with other professions. It is interesting that whilst we are besieged with arguments for and against teachers striking, the personal strikes of the large number of people who leave teaching each year to fare better elsewhere – and salary is the usually quoted reason – pass unmentioned. And many go into work of far less social value.

One is appalled therefore that in such a situation the NAS cannot find it in their hearts to co-operate.

The sectional interest of the NAS is not only one in teaching. It is a heterogeneous profession and its members have to accept this. Others do, why can't the NAS? Surely the fundamental policy of the teachers' Burnham panel to obtain an adequate basic scale with a reduced incremental period goes further than any other to meet the needs of the whole profession.

I wonder sometimes if the NAS really knows what is happening in the rest of the teaching world. There has never been acquiescence by any teachers' organisation to the idea that salaries are assessed as satisfactory to women but not to men. Equal pay for equal work is justifiably accepted but even so the position of the family man has not been ignored. For instance the government has been continually pressed to improve family allowances as a social measure.

Mr Jones states that the NAS policy 'has nothing to do with "sex discrimination" or "differential pay".' What they want is 'that the salary of the schoolmaster shall be negotiated separately from the schoolmistress'. Afterwards the mistress can be given the same salary as the master. There are on the NUT Executive 31 men and six women, and the teachers' panel has a decided majority of men. In the context of the present serious plight of education can he not accept that men have sufficient influence to allow his organisation to find a way of co-operation and unity?

Peter Kelly

13 Eynsford Road
Farningham

THE ANGOLA TERROR

Sir, – The appalling situation in Angola is a direct consequence of the repressive policies which the Salazar regime has pursued in Portugal and the Portuguese colonies. The fact that brutal violence is being committed on both sides must not blind us to the fact that the crisis situation has been created by an intransigently anti-democratic regime in Portugal.

Salazar has been able to use the prestige and material resources afforded by his Nato membership and his alliance with Britain to bolster up his power against democrats in Portugal and the oppressed peoples in his colonial territories. The Foreign Secretary will soon be visiting Portugal. We believe it should be made abundantly clear that the interests and honour of our country must not continue to be put in jeopardy by further identification or association with Salazar.

To arouse public opinion in Britain to the risks we are running in our present relationship with a government which refuses basic civil liberties and democratic rights to its subjects, and to work with those democrats in Portugal and her colonies who are struggling for these liberties and rights, there has recently been founded the Council for Freedom in Portugal and Colonies. Its aims have been endorsed by a large number of distinguished sponsors, and it is intended that it should appeal to British supporters of democratic freedom, whether Conservative, Labour, Liberal or of no party. As part of its work, the Council will operate a free and independent information service.

As an independent organisation, the Council can finance its work only by appeals to individual sympathisers. Due to the intensification of the political crisis in Portugal and Angola, the demands of our work are outstripping the slender resources with which we started. We request earnestly that those of your readers who are in sympathy with the aims of the Council should send their donations, however small, to the Treasurer at 45 Whitehall, SW1.

Leslie Plummer, *Chairman*
Donald Wade, *Vice-Chairman*
Anthony Wedgwood Benn, *Vice-Chairman*
Derick Mirfin, *Treasurer*

SOUTH VIETNAM

Sir, – In your account of conditions in South Vietnam I was surprised to see no reference to what is surely the basic reason for these conditions, namely the failure to hold the elections which were prescribed by the Geneva Conference in 1954. These were to be held, over the whole of Vietnam, by July 1956 at the latest. North Vietnam demanded that they should be held: South Vietnam, under American encouragement, refused. It is easy to see why.

In December 1954 the *Observer* recorded from Saigon: 'If elections were held today, it is generally admitted that the Vietminh National Front would win hands down . . . even ultranationalists will tell you that at least half the population South of the 17th Parallel would vote for any party coalition put up by the North.' Again, in March 1955, its Saigon correspondent predicted, if the elections were held, 'the overwhelming victory of Ho-Chi-Minh'.

And in South Vietnam now? The Vice-President of the US has just been hailing President Diem as 'The Churchill of the decade . . . one of the world's great anti-Communist leaders.' This is the man of whom Robert Guillain, special correspondent in the Far East of *Le Monde*, wrote (*The Times*, 28 March) from Vientiane: 'Subversion from the North is not alone in advancing the loss of the country. President Diem and his regime have introduced a second factor, for his dictatorship and methods are increasingly detested by the Vietnamese.'

J. B. Brown

26 Norham Road
Oxford

SOS AFRICA

Sir, – Under the patronage of many distinguished people in politics and the arts, including Hugh Gaitskell, Christopher Chataway, Jo Grimond, Benjamin Britten and Henry Moore, a cast of unrivalled brilliance will combine to entertain the audience at the Victoria Palace on Friday 2 June at 11.45 pm.

The stars include: Larry Adler, Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Svetlana Beriosova, Georgia Brown, Pamela Brown, Geraint Evans, Jack Hawkins, David Kossoff, Cleo Laine, Margaret Leighton, Anna Massey, Dan Massey, Cliff Michelmore, Spike Milligan, Robert Morley, John Neville, Manouk Parikian, Cliff Richard, Paul Robeson, the Shadows, and also the cast of the new revue *Beyond the Fringe*, compered by Leonard Sachs. Oliver Messel has designed the programme cover.

The cause which has brought them all together is the Africa Bureau, for nearly ten years a bridge of understanding and help between Africans and ourselves. The coming of independence to so many African states may change the nature of the Bureau's work but it is likely to expand not contract.

Tickets for the show, SOS Africa, from 10s. upwards, bookable at all ticket agencies and from Mrs Jan Green, Africa Bureau, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1. TATe Gallery 0701.

Laura Grimond

DOTHEBOYS' MEALS

Sir, – I entirely agree with 'Pupil' about school meals. He has to endure it for about four years. Resident public schoolmasters have to endure it for their whole career, are mulcted around £150 a year for board residence, from which the school must make a nice profit and gain a good deal of extra service for unpaid entertaining and out of school activities. If the boys persuaded their parents to do something there might be an improvement, but each one is afraid of getting it 'taken out of him' in some way. 'Pupil' will, I have no doubt, be a lone voice crying in the wilderness. So am I.

Public Schoolmaster

GEORDIE DIALECT

Sir, – Having read the article entitled 'The Living and the Dead' by Gerda L. Cohen, I wonder who these people were to whom she spoke on Tyneside. From the quoted dialect words in the article they certainly were not 'Geordies'. I shall not go through all the conversations, but I will point out that on Tyneside the word 'our' becomes 'wor', and not 'ourn'; 'now' becomes 'noo', and not 'neow'; 'home' becomes 'hyem', and not 'whoam'; all words ending in -er are pronounced as if they ended in -or; the Geordie does not usually drop his initial h's; 'here' becomes 'heor', etc.

I quite realise the difficulty of writing in dialect; there are no doubt those, who, like myself, were born and bred on Tyneside, who will not altogether agree with my spelling. If the writer would like to perfect her spelling in the Tyneside dialect may I refer her to R. S. Surtees and Mr Jorrocks' Tyneside huntsman.

T. J. C. Dennis

Edinburgh 9

LORD ALLEN OF HURTWOOD

Sir, – I am writing a biography of the late Lord Allen of Hurtwood (Clifford Allen). I should be very glad to hear from any of your readers who have personal reminiscences, or letters. Letters will be promptly returned.

Arthur Marwick

History Department
Old College
South Bridge, Edinburgh

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THE STRUGGLE FOR COMMERCIAL TV

'A licence to print money', said Roy Thomson of the Commercial TV contracts. This is the inside story of how the advertising lobby persuaded the Tory Party to break the BBC monopoly – and made easy fortunes for Britain's TV tycoons.

By H. H. Wilson
Associate Professor of Politics, Princeton University

How the Campaign Began

In 1945 the first demands were made for a reform of the BBC, whose charter was due to expire at the end of 1946. Mr Herbert Morrison produced a plan for a five-year renewal of the charter and promised a full-scale inquiry within those five years. The failure to hold an immediate inquiry meant, in the event, that no legislation could be passed before Labour was defeated.

The Beveridge Committee (1949 to 1951) concluded with one dissenting voice that broadcasting should remain a public service under unified control. But the majority report was less significant than the minority view taken by a relatively unknown Tory MP, Mr Selwyn Lloyd. He had been impressed by the evidence submitted by firms in the medical, cosmetic and food trades – especially those with American connections – in favour of commercial broadcasting.

Mr Lloyd took a strong stand against monopoly and proposed that a British Television Corporation should be set up to control commercial TV stations that would compete with the BBC.

The report of the Beveridge Committee appeared in January 1951, at a moment when the Labour government had begun to disintegrate. The Cabinet delayed for six months, and then proposed to extend the BBC charter for 15 years.

In the ensuing Commons debate the government's refusal to consider any form of commercial broadcasting was attacked by a few back-bench Conservatives – in particular by Mr John Rodgers, a director of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency, Mr Charles Orr-Ewing, a director of Cossors, and Mr John Profumo. All three were active members of the Conservative Broadcasting Policy Committee, which had grown out of an informal group started by Mr Rodgers and Mr Orr-Ewing when they first entered parliament in 1950. But the Conservative front bench affirmed its support for a continued BBC monopoly.

In the accompanying debate in the House of Lords, the speakers all supported the BBC monopoly – with one notable but scarcely noticed exception. This was Lord Woolton, who objected to the monopoly, but added that this was a personal view: 'I do not want to involve anyone else in my opinions'.

The Conservatives returned to power in October 1951: the incoming government had to make an urgent decision as the BBC charter expired on 31 December. It proposed a six-month extension.

At this stage the commercial lobby was still a minority. The main target of Conservative criticism was still the BBC monopoly, not the absence of advertising. Mr Rodgers, Mr Orr-Ewing and Mr Profumo began work to win over the majority.

They were joined, after the 1951 election, by Mr Anthony Fell, an employee of Pye Radio, which strongly supported commercial TV. Its chairman, Mr C. O. Stanley, was to be one of the key personalities in the campaign. Other recruits were Captain L. P. S. Orr, secretary of the Conservative Broadcasting Committee, and chairman of the Mobile Radio Users' Association, which was created by Pye; Lady Tweedsmuir, director of an advertising firm; Mr Ian Harvey, director of W. S. Crawford, another large agency; and Mr F. P. Bishop, previously director of Broadcast Relay Services. Support also came from Sir Wavell Wakefield, vice-president of the National Union of Manufacturers, a director of Rediffusion and Broadcast Relay Service (Overseas); and from Sir William Darling, who had claimed as early as 1946 that 'this great piece of educational and selling machinery – the radio' was being thrown away.

In February 1952 a 'study group' which included Rodgers, Orr-Ewing, Profumo, Orr and Wavell Wakefield, proposed to the Cabinet that 'controlled' commercial TV should be permitted: there was need for haste, before the extension of BBC services took all available channels. In March Lord Woolton replaced Lord Salisbury as the minister responsible for broadcasting policy.

In May the government made its irrevocable commitment: 'In the expanding field of television, provision should be made to permit some element of competition'. For this Lord Woolton can take much of the credit. But he was ably supported from within the Conservative Party machine – notably by Mr Mark Chapman-Walker, director of party propaganda who, as secretary of the Conservative Parliamentary Broadcasting Committee after 1951, devoted most of his time to advocating sponsored TV.

The Tory leadership, especially Sir Winston, took little notice of the back-bench campaign in the lobbies and dining-rooms. Yet because Conservative MPs wanted some gesture in favour of competitive free enterprise, the commercial pressure-group gained support for its attack on the BBC.

At this point, in 1952, the decisive inner-party struggle began. It is described by Professor Wilson in the following columns.

Publication of the government's proposals for the future of British broadcasting in May 1952 brought into the open what had been an intra-party struggle conducted behind closed doors. The White Paper opened with a discussion of the issues of monopoly and sponsored broadcasting and, while far from being explicit, it was generally interpreted by press and public as being a commitment to introduce commercial television some time in the future.

Having decided to propose 'some element of competition' in the field of television, the government promised that the BBC 'must clearly have first claim when labour and materials become available', in order to provide adequate national broadcasting services, and that parliament should have full opportunity to consider the conditions under which the new system would operate. Anticipating the possibility of abuses, and reflecting criticisms within the party, it was suggested that a controlling body would be required to exercise supervision over programme content 'and for advising on appropriate matters.' It was also made explicit that 'the new stations would not be permitted to engage in political or religious broadcasting.'

'The Scuttle of Principle'

A two-day debate, on 22 and 26 May 1952, in which 29 peers participated, was precipitated in the House of Lords by Lord Reith, who had been the chief executive of the BBC for 16 years. Though he expressed doubt that the government would pay any attention to what was said in the debate, his conscience and his interest in the institution he had virtually created convinced him of his responsibility. Lord Reith accused the government of seeking to scuttle and betray a broadcasting system which had won the respect and admiration of the world, and without presenting a single reason for this change: 'a principle absolutely fundamental and cherished is scheduled to be scuttled. It is the principle that matters, and it is neither here nor there that the scuttling may not take place for years.' Somebody, he said, introduced Christianity into England, 'and somebody introduced smallpox, bubonic plague and the Black Death. Somebody is minded now to introduce sponsored broadcasting.' In setting the tone which was to characterise all subsequent public discussion of this issue, Lord Reith urged the government to think again. 'Need we be ashamed of moral values, or of intellectual and ethical objectives? It is these that are here and now at stake.'

[Other peers, notably Samuel and Halifax, attacked the government's plan: the latter was 'profoundly sorry that it should be the

party with whom I have been associated who have made themselves responsible for it', and said he would vote against the government if Lord Reith divided the Lords. Lord de la Warr, was forced on the defensive, and attempted to claim that the government's aim was concerned to ensure 'competition' for the BBC: commercial television was merely a 'possible' alternative. The issue was clearly still in doubt at the top levels of the Conservative Party – a point Lord Hailsham seized on when he excoriated the government for its inconsistency in opening the White Paper with an encomium of the BBC and then advocating a commercial system. 'The government,' he said, 'are almost going out of their way to antagonise moderate opinion outside the Conservative Party merely to gratify the somewhat confused political pressures from within.' Other prominent Conservative peers who opposed the government were Lord Brand and Viscount Waverley: no one of comparable stature defended the White Paper, though Lord Reith's motion was not pressed to a vote.

Failing to win the approval of those 'whose opinion we respect', the government had none the less antagonised the members of the Broadcasting Group – the group of Conservative back-benchers who were active supporters of commercial television. The Group objected particularly to the White Paper's decision to give priority to the BBC's capital investment programme to complete TV coverage of the country, and its members pressed the Assistant Postmaster General, Captain Gammans, for concessions.]

Though the Conservative back-benchers appreciated Captain Gammans's difficult position, since he was expected to support the Cabinet's proposal in the House of Commons, they urged him to modify the government's declaration by saying in answer to back-bench questions that commercial stations would be approved as soon as permission to build five small stations had been given the BBC. The Group had the assurance of equipment manufacturers that, once authorised, the commercial stations would be completed within a matter of months. This time factor was a crucial issue for the proponents, since they were determined to get a commercial system operating at least six months in advance of the next general election.

Keeping the Backbenchers Happy

On Wednesday 11 June 1952 in the House of Commons, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, Home Secretary, moved approval of the government's proposals for the future of the BBC. Noting that it was almost three years since the Beveridge Committee was created and 'there is no subject which has had so much previous discussion', Sir David felt certain 'there cannot now be any complaint that these problems have not been well and truly ventilated'. The government had recognised the need for a careful consideration of the issues and for that reason had first extended the charter and licence of the BBC for six months. Now the new documents had to be approved to come into effect by 1 July 1952.

In recommending a ten-year charter rather than accepting the Beveridge recommendation of an unlimited period, or the Labour government's proposed 15-year charter, the government had taken account of the possibility of extensive technical developments, especially in very high frequency broadcasting. Progress in this field could conceivably, they thought, change the whole basis of sound and television for Great Britain. They appreciated the momentous nature of the decision to alter the future pattern of broadcasting control, since in its 26 years the BBC had 'built up, both in peace and war, a reputation which is unsurpassed and, I think,' said Sir David, 'unequalled in any other country.' Nevertheless, 'the government do not propose to ask parliament to commit itself to continuation throughout the next ten years of the BBC's exclusive privilege of broadcasting . . .' It was apparent that the government were still seeking to reconcile opponents of the change while keeping their own back-bench critics pacified.

'Against the Governess State'

Just as in the Lords' debate, there was created a sense of the indefinite timing of the change – 'when circumstances make it feasible . . . no one can postulate when that will be'. Even Herbert Morrison believed that the actual introduction of commercial television was remote. 'I admit,' he said, 'they are not immediately committing this House, but they are committing us to the principle of the thing.' Similarly, it was apparent in the Home Secretary's presentation that at this stage the government had not formulated any organisation for the new system. There was a definite commitment that the competitors would have to rely on 'advertisements and sponsored programmes for their income,' since only the BBC would receive licence revenue. This would not mean Americanisation or debasement of broadcasting standards, argued Sir David, because 'we have our typically British way of resolving problems of taste, just like any other problem. We are a much more mature and sophisticated people. Is it really to be suggested that such a people as ours are unfit to decide what they want to see? . . . Are they unfit for anything but the governess state?'

For the opposition Mr Morrison introduced a counter-motion regretting the decision of the government to introduce commercial television and the change in the method of appointing the governors. Much of his criticism focused on the debasement of standards under commercial television, since he thought that 'the very nature of the thing is that it must be a chase for listeners and viewers'. It was also evident that Mr Morrison thought it was possible to have too much television, an attitude shared by many of the opponents, and he was opposed to the high incomes paid to commercial broadcasting performers. And with real Establishment flavour, Mr Morrison warned the government that the opponents of commercial television spoke for Britain. 'I believe with absolute sincerity . . . that this proposed development is totally against the British temperament, the British way of life and the best or even reasonably good British traditions.'

Captain Charles Waterhouse, in replying to Mr Morrison, admitted that there 'may not seem to be a public demand' for commercial broadcasting, but this he explained by the silence of the press, the relative absence of discussion of the issue on the BBC, and the fact that it had not been debated before in the Commons.

Sir Ian Fraser, a former BBC governor, had changed his views since the 1946 debate and was now working closely with the back-bench Broadcasting Group. Though he had testified before the Beveridge Committee only that consideration should be given to using sponsored programmes on television and overseas broadcasting, Sir Ian now favoured ending the BBC's monopoly in both sound and television. He was not satisfied with Sir David Maxwell Fyfe's accepting the necessity for delay, insisting that a competing system could start at once with currently unused BBC facilities. 'If all priorities and absolute priorities are to go to the BBC for a long period of time,' Sir Ian warned, 'we shall not see this change which the government say is a proper one to make.'

THE DEFEATED CUSTODIAN. *Lord Reith told the House of Lords: 'Somebody introduced Christianity into England. Somebody introduced smallpox, the bubonic plague and the Black Death. Somebody is minded now to introduce sponsored broadcasting'.*

Only one Conservative member, Mr Beverley Baxter, actually attacked the government, and he made it plain that, but for the imposition of a three-line whip by the government, he would have voted with the opposition. Apart from his close association with Lord Beaverbrook and the *Daily Express*, which was now violently opposed to commercial television, Baxter's opposition reflected his experience in the United States, where he had found that sponsored programmes meant exposure to the 'terrorisation of the mass suggestion of advertising'.

Mr Charles Orr-Ewing spoke briefly to refute the allegation of Mr (now Lord) Shackleton that those who were pressing for a change in the pattern of broadcasting had a 'vested interest in sponsored radio'. Though at this time a director of A. C. Cossor Ltd, radio and television manufacturers, Mr Orr-

PRESSURE MEN

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Signed the vital minority report

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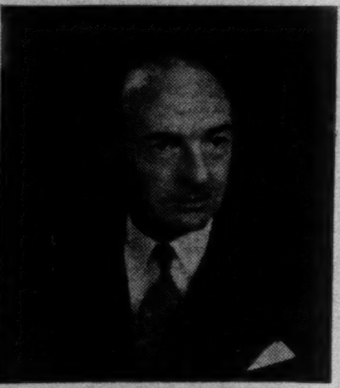
JOHN RODGERS MP
Back-benchers were important



JOHN PROFUMO MP
Not a nation of intellectuals

Ewing explained that 'we are doing this, not because of any monetary gain, but because we have fought ever since 1945 in our constituencies on the theme of trust the people – set the people free to choose their own programmes'.

Mr Ian Harvey, a director of the advertising firm of W. S. Crawford, Ltd, made a similar point during the licence debate on 23 June, explaining that actually 'this desire for sponsorship' would cost him money. For, 'if one studies the promotion of advertising for radio or television in this country, one will realise at once that it will require new resources, new equipment and new staff, and it will, in fact, give the advertising agent less remuneration than the use of the normal methods of advertising'.

The major statement for the Broadcasting Group was made by its chairman, Mr John Profumo, who denied that he had interests in advertising, radio or any other industry. He was extremely blunt in criticising the White Paper for not being explicit. 'I do not like mere indications. I should have liked to see it come out flatly in favour of breaking the BBC monopoly, not only in vision but in sound broadcasting.' The back-benchers were 'greatly perturbed by a declaration of policy which, at first sight, can be read in two ways'. However, they would support the government on three assumptions: first, that the government intended to allow 'competitive television stations' to start operating 'at the earliest possible time'; secondly, that there would be no delay in giving the radio manufacturers the necessary technical information so they could start manufacturing sets capable of receiving the new stations; and, thirdly, that a control body would soon start working out the standards to be followed by the new companies.

Commenting on those who were supporting the continuation of the BBC monopoly, Mr Profumo considered their motive self-evident. The Labour Party opposition was traceable to Socialist dislike for competition, and the press simply feared the loss of advertising revenue. The officials of the BBC, 'a very mighty host' including the governors and members of the advisory councils, wanted no change in its status, and these 'guardians' were 'almost powerful enough to be able to intimidate the government'. Then there were the intellectuals, 'who raise their hand and voice in horror in case Mr and Mrs John Citizen should possibly become culturally corrupted by entertainment assuming priority over social purpose in broadcasting'. Though Mr Profumo greatly admired the intellectuals, he thought it imperative that it be remembered 'we are not a nation of intellectuals', and the average listeners, for whom he was speaking, deserved 'the best possible entertainment which can be given to them'.

'The Government is in Earnest'

The Assistant Postmaster-General, Captain David Gammans, in closing the debate for the government, went a long way toward meeting the Broadcasting Group's request that he modify the government's commitment to allow the BBC to complete its coverage before any competing stations were authorised. 'Several of my hon. friends,' he said, 'have raised the point as to whether the government are in earnest, and I want to make this quite clear. The government are in earnest, not only over breaking the BBC monopoly, but also in permitting sponsored television.' Furthermore, even though they had decided to give the BBC priority to complete building programmes which had been delayed because of capital restrictions, this did not mean that 'competitive television must wait until the BBC extension is complete in all respects'. With the government enforcing a three-line whip the division was a foregone conclusion.

[*On 20 June 1952, an announcement was made of the formation of the Associated Broadcasting Development Company, in an effort to convince the government that its commitment to 'introduce some element of competition' was taken seriously, and to demonstrate the fact that powerful financial and manufacturing interests were prepared to invest money in the new scheme.*]

Defying the Elder Statesmen

For achieving the government's initial commitment to competitive television the evidence would seem to support the contention of Mr John Rodgers, MP, that major credit is due to the 'five or six Conservative backbenchers who worked day and night on the project'. Credit is due also to their devoted allies in the Cabinet, the Whips' Office and the Conservative Party headquarters. Nevertheless, despite skilful manipulation of the ideological issue of monopoly, the undeniable existence of latent hostility to the BBC, and the resentment of the 'new Conservatives' for the party's elder statesmen, in combination with the economic difficulties of the Churchill government, it is still not clear how so small a group was able to make its influence decisive.

Even if one concedes that all these devoted disciples of commercial television were persuasive advocates and persons of considerable charm, it would strain credulity to believe that, working alone, they were able not only to wring the initial commitment from a reluctant government, but could also wage an ultimately successful campaign for two more years in the face of mounting and increasingly well-organised opposition. Why did the government capitulate to the demands of this group? What were the interests working behind this group, providing support and intensifying the pressure, public and political, in the hard-fought campaign for commercial broadcasting?

Perhaps in suggesting answers, however partial, to these questions in this particular instance, insight may be gained into how pressure from economic interests operates under the conditions set by the British constitution. The study of how these interests operated reveals the limitations imposed by looking merely at the formal structure of a political party, or of government. Certainly in this instance it becomes impossible to draw a line of demarcation between the advertising agencies, or the radio and television manufacturers, or financial groups, and the Conservative Party. For actual operating purposes the party organisation became a vast network of interests which, as Professor S. Finer observed, were 'not affiliated but aligned' with the party. In this particular operation the specific interests were intermingled not only with the Conservative Party but, to a considerable extent, with the government itself.

(*To be continued.*)

NEXT WEEK

The Decisive Battle

These articles are abridged from Pressure Group *by Professor H. H. Wilson, which will be published by Secker & Warburg on 3 July.*

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Orwell Looks at the World

DONAT O'DONNELL

'I knew that I had a facility with words and a power of facing unpleasant facts, and I felt that this created a sort of private world in which I could get my own back for my failure in everyday life.' These words, about himself as a boy, Orwell wrote when he was already near his death; and they are both true and an example of their own truth. Not that objectively Orwell was a failure, at school or in life. But he did feel himself to be a failure; he did want to get his own back; he had the ability to face unpleasant facts and knew that ability to be, in his own carefully chosen word, 'a power'. In the same sentence he demonstrates his possession of that power by facing two facts about himself: his sense of failure and desire to get his own back. 'I am going to tell you some facts about yourself', he says in effect to the left-wing intellectuals who were for long almost his only readers, 'but first you must recognise that I face unpleasant facts about myself, and face such facts in person – facts like bullets. These are things that most of you are very little inclined to do. Through my skill with words, and the power which such skill exerts over people like you, I am now going to compel you to face at least some of the facts which you are trying to hide from yourselves and others.'

Most of those addressed – perhaps on this page I can say 'most of us' – responded to this challenge, I suppose, in one or both of two opposite ways. The first way was to admit that Orwell's criticisms were largely true: that left-wing intellectuals were, too often, intellectually dishonest, selective in their moral indignation, furtive worshippers of power, and startling ignorant both of political realities and of the working class. The quantity and quality of this acceptance no doubt varied. You could, for example, accept Orwell's indictment as being true about your friends but not about yourself. Or you could, if you wanted to, drop being a leftist – for motives probably even less admirable than those which had taken you to the left – have your eyes conveniently 'opened' by Orwell's fearless honesty. Some of Orwell's American admirers in the Fifties may have been, in reality, more impressed by the arguments of Senator McCarthy than by those of *Animal Farm*, but an Orwellian conversion lent dignity to retreat. There were certainly also, among those clever and anxious people whom Orwell addressed, those who actually enjoyed submitting to the punishment which he inflicted:

> Come fix upon me that accusing eye
> I thirst for accusation.

But the main reason why many intellectuals accepted the truth of Orwell's accusations is that so many of these accusations were true, and the lucidity of Orwell's prose made their truth inescapable. Intellectuals are probably not more dishonest than other people; their resources for self-deception are of course much greater, but then so is their compulsion to self-criticism: greater forces committed on both sides, and the result equally uncertain. But one characteristic which the intellectual must have, or he ceases to be an intellectual at all, is the ability to see when a real point has been made in debate. It was impossible for anyone with that ability not to notice that Orwell kept scoring direct hits. You knew that certain things he said were true, because you winced when you heard them.

There can be little doubt that Orwell did change the minds of quite a few people through whom he changed the minds of many others. He cleared out a great deal of cant, self-deception, and self-righteousness, and in doing so shook the confidence of the English left, perhaps permanently. The right, as everyone knows, paid no attention to him except for the valuable ammunition he was to supply against communism, and retained its own variety of cant, almost undamaged. But the cant of the left, that cant which has so far proved indispensable to the victory of any mass movement, was almost destroyed by Orwell's attacks, which put out of action so much cant-producing machinery in its factories: the minds of left-wing intellectuals. His effect on the English left might be compared to that of Voltaire on the French nobility: he weakened their belief in their own ideology, made them ashamed of their clichés, left them intellectually more scrupulous and more defenceless.

There was, of course, and is, a second way of responding to Orwell's challenge: you could question his impartiality and therefore his right to judge. But Orwell has been accused of being essentially a reactionary writer whose work both 'objectively' strengthened, and was intended to strengthen, the existing order. On this view the critique of that order which his works contain is held to be perfunctory, a sort of diversion to draw attention from the real attack, which was directed against the left. In its extreme forms, this accusation is very easy to refute. Anyone who calls Orwell a fascist – and I believe the thing has been done – either knows nothing at all about him or his life. Orwell's life, and the Spanish wound which shortened that life, refuted such absurdities. But if no human type, except perhaps the communist party member, could be more remote from Orwell than is the fascist, it is also true that he is very far indeed from being 'progressive'.

Sir Richard Rees, in his sympathetic and enlightening book*, brings out well the 'old-fashioned' side of Orwell – the deep English patriotism, the distaste for machinery and modern psychology, the love of the country, of animals, even the lingering nostalgia for the Edwardian age. These qualities, in Orwell's work, growl in many asides, and growl increasingly often. It is a tory growl: each quality in itself, obviously, is not necessarily tory, but grouped together they do form a tory pattern. It is not surprising that Orwell should have taken pleasure in defending Kipling against leftist criticism (his important essay on Kipling is unaccountably omitted from the present volume† of collected essays, the title of which is misleading, as are the claims on its dust jacket). If we add to the list a chivalrous but rather insensitive attitude towards the underdog and a tendency towards self-immolation, what seems to emerge is the character of an English conservative eccentric.

The character is on the whole an attractive one, and has done much to make English life more decent – a favourite word of Orwell's. The limitations of the viewpoint it implies are probably more obvious to foreigners than they are to the English. Orwell seldom wrote about foreigners, except sociologically, and then in a hit-or-miss fashion otherwise unusual with him; he very rarely mentions a foreign writer and has an excessive dislike of foreign words; although he condemns imperialism he dislikes its victims even more. Indeed he sometimes goes beyond dislike; it rises to something like hysteria. In *Shooting an Elephant* he records fantasies about sticking a bayonet into the belly of a sniggering Buddhist priest. This is the kind of fantasy that Orwell himself found sinister in *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*. It is really more disquieting in *Shooting an Elephant*: not that sadistic fantasies are unusual, even in good and gentle men, but that quite unmistakably Orwell was much more likely to have this kind of fantasy about a Burmese than about an Englishman.

I do not suggest that it is morally better to have such fantasies about an Englishman. The point is that if sadistic fantasies are unevenly distributed by race or nationality, the consequences are more likely to be political – and therefore contagious and dangerous – than if they remain purely personal.

Orwell of course was too decent and clear-headed to support any racialist or imperialist programme. The presence in his make-up of the kind of feeling that inspires such programmes led to no more than a certain deadening of his feeling and understanding where most of the population of the world was concerned. He turned towards foreigners, especially Asians, that part of his mind which brooded darkly about sandals, beards and vegetarians. He could not 'think himself into the mind' of any kind of foreigner and he seldom tried to do so. He never thought it worth while to imagine seriously what it would be like to belong to a people with a quite different historical experience from that of the English. As far as he considered such matters at all, I think he felt that not to be

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**George Orwell*. By RICHARD REES. *Secker & Warburg*. 18*s*.

†*Collected Essays*. By GEORGE ORWELL. *Secker & Warburg*. 30*s*.

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a product of English history was a sort of moral lapse.

Many people, quite obviously, are not less insular today than Orwell, but no one of comparable intelligence can now attain that degree of insularity – short of being whimsical like Mr Evelyn Waugh or Mr Kingsley Amis. During almost all of Orwell's writing career, England was sufficiently central to the world's political and economic life for an Anglocentric view of the world not to be seen as a eccentric one. Since then, the McCarthy years, the 'thaw' in Russia, the rise of African nationalism, the Common Market in Europe, the ferment in Latin America, the Russian-American space race, emanations of Communist China and, in a different category, the Suez experiment and its failure have made a world in which much though not all of Orwell's writing must seem, to readers outside these islands, somewhat provincial.

We are near enough now to 1984 to see that the world then, whatever it may be like, will not be very like Orwell's imagining of it. Is it fantastic to see in Orwell's *1984* the reflection of a feeling that a world in which the pre-1914 British way of life had totally passed away must necessarily be a dehumanised world? And is it altogether wrong to see the inhabitants of *Animal Farm* as having points in common, not merely with Soviet Russians, but also with Kipling's lesser breeds generally, as well as with Flory's Burmese who, once the relative decencies of the Raj are gone, must inevitably fall under the obscene domination of their own kind?

To insist on the limitations of Orwell's thought is only to establish the limits within which we admire him. How much there is to admire, how much we owe to him, every page in these collected essays reminds us. That spare, tough prose has not aged; that clear eye sees more than ours do even if there are things which it cannot see through, and which we now can see from the other side in time. What political writer now cares as much as he did, both about what he is writing and about how he is writing it? Subsequent writers who exploded anger seem far off and apathetic compared with this careful writer who tried so hard to keep his judgment and his language from being clouded by an anger as real as Swift's.

Fishing at Dawn

Captured by dumb orders of herbage
Much buried root-eaten blood
Is exhaled in part as night-fog.

Freed, but not from their deadness,
Now ploughed-in roundheads
Conform with mastodon and wart-hog.

Girls in plenty – risen virginity
Of many a tough smoked hag
That wearied the neighbourhood.

God yawns onto the black water.
There aches through my dull head
The bellowing of the maggot.

TED HUGHES

King of the Old Frontier

The Politics of Upheaval. By ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. *Heinemann. 63s.*

Half way through his series of volumes on the Age of Roosevelt (this is the third of them) Professor Schlesinger has been given a unique opportunity. In the past he has been writing about presidential politics from the outside; now, as personal assistant to President Kennedy, he is experiencing the tribulations of the insider. It will be fascinating to see whether the daily routine of the White House advisor will affect the historian's perspective of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Between 1934 and 1936 Roosevelt seemed in danger of losing his own perspective. The emergency measures of the Hundred Days had run their course and they had done little more than alleviate the worst of the depression. Though they had heartened Roosevelt's friends they had also invigorated his enemies. In Congress and in the country the conservatives were beginning to counter-attack, and the Supreme Court had started, by hair's-breadth decisions, to pick the patchwork of New Deal legislation to pieces. In 1934 its first phase was over and Roosevelt was faced by the need to devise a second.

His overriding objective, on which all else depended, was to restore the economy. But in the new situation this had to be done in a manner which was acceptable both to the courts and to the business community: it followed that the days of social evangelists such as Rex Tugwell were numbered. It was no longer possible for Roosevelt's team to tell panic-stricken businessmen what they *must* do, to improvise laws that a docile Congress would pass on a voice-vote, and to gamble that the measures would stand up in the courts. Yet it was equally necessary for Roosevelt to maintain a radical political posture if he was to keep the popular confidence he had won in the Hundred Days. So a new brains-trust had to be formed. It was composed of neat-minded lawyers picked by Felix Frankfurter – Harvard men who were in the Brandeis tradition, combining legislative competence and liberal opinions with a belief in a regulated (rather than a planned) economy. Business, henceforth, was to be told what it could *not* do. Among other things it could no longer refuse to recognise the right of labour to organise, and in the long run this may prove to have been the really decisive result of the second New Deal.

The change of texture was not, of course, as coherent or consistent as this summary suggests: yet in the last two years of Roosevelt's first term it was increasingly evident. The President was feeling his way to a new beginning. 'He had,' Mr Schlesinger rightly observes, 'no philosophy save experiment, which was a technique; constitutionalism, which was a procedure; and humanity, which was a faith'. But this sounds better in retrospect than it would have done in 1934, when Roosevelt seemed uncertain what experiment to try next or how to translate his humanity into constitutional action.

For the United States was still deep in trouble. Though complete collapse had been staved off, recovery was an empty word for millions – the prey of demagogues with attractive panaceas. Father Coughlin, mixing anti-Semitism with notions of the corporate state and monetary nostrums, could awaken dying echoes of Populism; the Townsend pension plan appealed to puzzled and hungry old people; Huey Long was promising to share the wealth and make every man a king; Gerald L. K. Smith and Lawrence Dennis were stumping the country with neo-fascist slogans. Each of these men is admirably vignetted by Mr Schlesinger. For a time, indeed, the tide seemed to be setting their way rather than to Roosevelt – not least because they had one common grain of sense. They realised that spending, rather than balanced budgets, was America's way out of depression. American radicalism, from Jackson's day and through the greenback movement to Bryan's crusade for free silver, has always had a nose for cheap money. And in this respect its instinct, and the instinct of the demagogues who were its perverted heirs, was sounder than that of most professional economists and bankers.

But Roosevelt, a sound money man in the past, had to find his way painfully to this conclusion. Trained, too, in the traditional ways of the Democratic machine, he was slow to realise that the 1934 elections had shifted the party's centre of gravity. In 1934 and 1935, though he was being attacked bitterly by the American Tories, he was still regarded with suspicion by the Progressives from the Middle West, by many Liberals, by the Socialists and the still insignificant Communists – who reluctantly abandoned their 'social-fascist' line after the 1935 Comintern congress.

Anyone who has read Mr Schlesinger's first two volumes must admire his industry, his incomparable knowledge of the period and his synoptic capacity as a writer. But I do not think he clearly develops the essential point about this transition from the first New Deal to the second. In 1934 the new Democratic alliance, on which Roosevelt was afterwards to base himself, was created by a startling realignment of American politics. Large groups of farmers and Negroes, formerly Republican, switched to the Democrats; and at the same time the labour movement entered a period of industrial militancy and unprecedented political action. Mr Schlesinger notes this, but cursorily: he seems too much concerned with the diurnal dilemmas of Washington and with the antics of the headline-snatchers, too little with what was happening to John Doe and Joe Doakes in the sticks.

No doubt this reflects, in part, Roosevelt's own slow perception of the change. But I think there are two other explanations – both of which indicate structural faults in the book. One is that it opens with a succession of portraits of the colourful characters thrown up by this social upheaval. Apart from the demagogues there were such men as Wendell Willkie, La Guardia, Upton Sinclair in California, Floyd Olson in Minnesota, the La Follettes in Wisconsin and Al Smith of New York, now the spokesman for the plutocrats of the Liberty League. By the time Roosevelt himself appears he is out of focus: the image is indecisive. It takes Mr Schlesinger something like 200 pages to get him back into the centre of the picture. The second explanation stems from the author's discovery that Alf Landon – Roosevelt's Republican opponent in 1936 – was more liberal and more sympathetic to the President's purposes than has hitherto been realised. Now Mr Schlesinger has seen Mr Landon's private papers it was proper to do him overdue justice; but the emphasis required to put Landon's record right helps to obscure Roosevelt's role in the 1936 election.

Thus Mr Schlesinger starts with Roosevelt in the doldrums and ends with a triumph whose social origins have been inadequately analysed in the preceding 700 pages. The real political significance of the Old Frontier – the creation of a new and radically-minded Democratic Party at the grass-roots – emerges mostly by inference.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Sleight of Mind

On Art and Artists. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 30*s*.

Once upon a time, when a young man wanted to show his literary worth, he would write light essays. Their point would be paradoxical, their detail cultured and their style charming. Nowadays he would write poems – to exactly the same formula – and the light essay has more or less gone out. Aldous Huxley is one of the last serious practitioners of the form. Even his most enthusiastic admirers would no longer claim much for the bulk of his repetitive novels. But the novels, so the story goes, are merely vehicles for ideas; it is as an essayist that Huxley survives.

After ploughing through *On Art And Artists*, I feel the defence will have to change its ground again. Huxley is without doubt a highly civilised man. He knows all about the urbane arts – painting, religion, poetry, sex and travel – and will expatiate, at the drop of a hat, on all of them, usually in the same essay. A piece on Toulouse-Lautrec, for example, begins with a description of learning classics at Eton, switches scene to a Californian bookshop, comes belatedly to a biography of the youthful Lautrec, drops that for a disquisition on child geniuses, then more Lautrec, a long aside on the word 'fact', another on the disappearance of the horse and finally back to Lautrec again. Exhausting, you

"There you go, Fred!"

There's nobody in the world like Fred for laughing and joking. Put the two of us in a pub on a Saturday morning and the fun begins! A pint and a sandwich for him and a bottle of stout for me – that's what we have. "Go on!" I say. "Get away with you!" Before we know where we are he's got half a dozen listening and chipping in – young ones, old ones, all kinds of people. I bet he could make a fortune on TV. It's a good place to be, a pub. And the beer – it's lovely!

Beer,
it's lovely!

ISSUED BY THE BREWERS' SOCIETY, 42 PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

are supposed to say, but brilliant, of course.

Well, I wonder. After 320 pages, the brilliance is more than wearying; it begins to seem an excuse for never really thinking at all. Huxley may display an enormous number of ideas, but he does nothing with them. He is an intellectual not by virtue of the original things he has to say but by a kind of sleight of mind. At the crucial moment of development he doesn't follow his ideas through, he simply slips in a reference to something else: chemistry, vedanta, philosophy, music. Every time the connection is tricksy, his air authoritative and the final effect somehow stultifying. He is like a boxer who makes a reputation by eternally slipping his opponents' punches, while never landing one of his own.

Perhaps it is absurd to take him so seriously. Huxley may once have been the highbrows' choice; now he is taken neat in school. For this he is undoubtedly excellent. He has a good ear on scientific and philosophical issues and can rephrase them in lively, interesting, clear terms. He will tell you, without hesitation, which is the best picture (Piero's *Resurrection*), or the most beautiful piece of music (Beethoven's *Heiliger Dankgesang*). On everything he has the assured, encyclopaedic air of a man who knows all the answers – even if he is none too sure what the questions are. He has a superb eye for good quotations and lively stories (his anthology, *Texts and Pretexts*, is still his best book). As an essayist, he is most convincing when hovering between the novelist and the formal critic (in some of the essays on painting or in his finest piece, not printed here, the introduction to Lawrence's *Letters*). He is, in short, a splendid home-educator for the bright sixth-former.

This would be all well and good if he didn't also represent something that lingers on at a higher level. I don't know whether or not Huxley read English when he was at Oxford but, ten years ago at least, his manner was still the sure way of getting a first there. You had to be spacious, leisurely, well-travelled and culturally rather show-off, an amateur philologist and gentleman of letters. Huxley himself may be genuinely all this. But Huxleyism has been used as a way of preserving English as a gentleman's relish and so stopping it from ever becoming a real subject.

K. A. McKENZIE
Edith Simcox
and
George Eliot
Introduction by
GORDON S. HAIGHT
From the unpublished
Autobiography of Edith Simcox,
writer and pioneer social worker,
Professor McKenzie draws the
story of this remarkable Victorian
spinster, who led an intense
inner life centring on George
Eliot, her 'own beautiful love',
'my Darling and my God'.
Fresh light is thrown also on the
life and character of the novelist.
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For Huxley is one of the last of the amateurs. His essays on Chaucer and Ben Jonson, for example, were published in 1923, three years after Eliot's *The Sacred Wood;* that on Swift was published a year before Empson's *Seven Types of Ambiguity*. While Huxley intoned in the old good-living-and-letters way, criticism was coming of age. In England we have had Richards, Empson, Leavis, Wilson Knight and Bateson (who, significantly, still doesn't even have a college fellowship at Oxford); in the States there have been two generations of first-rate critics. Criticism has at last become a serious discipline with professional standards and techniques.

So today if you read: 'The device is childish in its formality, the words, in their obscurity, almost devoid of significance. But what matter since the stanza is a triumph of sonorous beauty?' you would take it for granted that the author was one of our lady poets. But, alas, he might also be an Oxford don taking time off from serious scholarship to indulge in a little light criticism. Huxley's reputation as a novelist may no longer be high but Huxleyism, as a critical method, still dominates at least one of our major university English schools.

A. ALVAREZ

The Rich Science

The Untuning of the Sky. By JOHN HOLLANDER. *Oxford*. 68*s*.

However explicit old writers contrived to be about them, it is impossible for us to be easy with obsolete thinking-models; if it is vulgar to find them quaint, it is absurd to suppose that we can suspend our disbelief sufficiently to give them anything like real assent. The measure of our inability to handle Renaissance ideas of music is the bewilderment we feel when confronted with some of the most familiar claims then made for the art. It could cure sciatica or lunacy. It could promote order. You could help on the alchemical process by getting perfectly pure laboratory assistants to sing canons round the pregnant pot; I might report that I have borne my part in those set down by the alchemist Maier in *Atalanta Fugiens*, though without material or moral benefit. Architects paid attention to true proportion as indicated by the relations between string-lengths in the diatonic scale. Masquers trod out the harmonies of the heavenly bodies. For earthly music partook of the master harmony of the spheres, which for some reason (sim, physiological malfunction, habituation) are inaudible.

Sounds that charm our ears
Are but one dressing the rich science wears,

as Cowley says.

All this Pythagoreanism seemed so much a matter of fact that when Kepler made his observations of the elliptical movement of planets he felt obliged to fit in a theory about their musical harmony. The literature of the Renaissance is full of unaffected allusions to varieties of these doctrines, and the formal *laus musicae* which got everything in systematically was a commonplace. They have often been studied before, notably by Leo Spitzer and James Hutton; and some of the controversies which arose over particular aspects are familiar from studies of madrigal, ayre and early opera. Mr Hollander, a poet-scholar with a modern mind, has now tried to write the whole story of the decline and fall of this ideology as English poetry reflects it. His book is too long (and too expensive); normally he writes well, but slides too often into the obscure or pretentious. Nevertheless, his book has much merit and will be widely used.

Since he has to tell of the 'de-mythologizing' of 'speculative' music, he opens with an account of the myth and its extraordinary persistence despite changes in practical music which steadily increased the gap between the modern and the original Greek use of key terms like 'harmony'. In the end the practical musician and the theorist grow apart; the belief that human music bears a relation to the unheard music of celestial order fades into metaphor, metaphor of decreasing seriousness. Finally the sky is untuned; the old ideology lies open to the sneers of Dr Burney.

Mr Hollander is very good at separating out the parts of his subject, and he gives a clear idea of the relations between the three Boethian varieties of music, mundane, human and instrumental: the last gave you an insight into the first and stimulated the second, which had to do with the tempering together of soul and body. He is valuable on the tradition of the *dis*praise of music, starting from Plato's aversion to wind instruments and useful to Puritans; and he writes exceptionally well on imagery derived from instruments, as in Crashaw's 'Music's Duel'. But of course his main business is with the change from a music which imitated order to one that expressed, and attempted to arouse, emotion. Musicians have always been the ruin of literary music-theory; they insist, whether openly or not, on the autonomy of their art, and neither medieval Pope nor Florentine Humanist could persuade them for long to subordinate music to the clarity of a text. Of course they did not mind a baroque expressive theory which might enrich musical language at the expense of trivialising the word. So music became a matter for professional performers operating on the passive senses of the audience, and the future of European music was settled; a rich science no doubt, but under an untuned sky.

I think Mr Hollander could have done the work better had he used, instead of just cautiously mentioning, Kircher's colossal *Musurgia Universalis*, which in 1650 summed up the whole of speculative and practical music to date, and was used, for example, by Cowley, a poet important to Mr Hollander's argument who is not well handled. Finally is is unreasonable to claim that Chapman 'poses too many problems for extended comment' in his musical show-piece; a lot of quite trivial work is extensively treated. Admittedly the passage is tough, but in a book which is also an anthology of music-poems there is room for the lines in which Ovid wishes that the earth might hear Corinna singing, as he does, and

like heaven might move
In ceaseless music and be filled with love.

FRANK KERMODE

Casualties

George Gissing and H. G. Wells. Edited with an introduction by ROYAL GETTMANN. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s*.

All we know about the friendship of Gissing and H. G. Wells comes from a few vivid pages in the latter's autobiography. The present collection of letters they exchanged, together with three of Wells's articles on Gissing's work, add very little. The most interesting things in the book are two or three letters from Gabrielle Fleury, his French 'wife'. The friendship between the two novelists sprang up in 1896 and lasted until 1903 when Wells rushed from England to St-Jean-Pied-de-Port where Gissing was dying. Wells was by nine years the younger man.

Some admirers of Gissing have complained of the final sentence of Wells's estimate and account of his friend – 'So ended that flimsy inordinate stir of grey matter that was George Gissing'. Wells was certainly an impatient person but he had had a great deal to put up with from Gissing's relations in Yorkshire, and also from Gabrielle Fleury. If there is a note of disparagement in that sentence, it is one that often comes in Wells's writing, as it does in that of Bennett and others. It is the bumptious style of the new realism, the pose of a period. These writers probably thought they were writing in the manner of Turgenev, and to call Gissing an 'inordinate stir' was an atheist's compliment. The novelist and his bewildered lady were hard to help. Her long, temperamental letters contain one sentence that defines her husband's character: 'Discontent is in his nature; paradise is always for him where he is not.'

Do we get any more light on Gissing from these letters? Not much. There is a good deal about illness. In 1898 the report runs: 'Decided phthisis (though not very active) – strong gouty tendency – uncertainty of heart – bad emphysema – liver at any moment likely to give serious trouble – disposition to eczema. It's all rather discouraging.' Moderate bicycling is recommended, but Gissing is too excitable to be trusted on 'the ironmongery'. There can now be no doubt that his French mother-in-law did not give him enough to eat and that French food was bad for him. So were cheap French and Italian wines. He cries out ravenously for boiled potatoes, English meat, tarts, puddings and tea cakes.

This cry takes one to the heart of a domestic drama: the sentimental Englishman had got himself into a novel by François Mauriac. For he was poorly fed because he had cut down the housekeeping money; he had done this because he was in constant anxiety about the moneys he was paying to his second wife – then in a mental home – for his two boys and to an unsuccessful brother. The French wife wanted to cut down on the school fees and translated the whole economic situation into terms of the highest emotion and of minute psychological analysis – all this rendered in sweeping, ungrammatical English prose. He had insulted her by his 'timidity' and was still under the 'dominion' of his second wife. Gissing's response was to fade into one of his solitary moods. He had one infuriating consolation – his work.

Yet one does not blame Gabrielle Fleury. She has compassion. She struggles to be just. She is a woman of sensibility – strenuously so, for she believes, in her flat French way, that life is a choice of hells and that one owes it to one's *amour propre* to choose the more difficult one: 'I should have very much preferred all these people [the Yorkshire relations] living *with* us, *beside* us, rather than *between* us.' She and Gissing were both intellectuals, both incompetent, both – one suspects – a bit close; also they had regarded each other as Literature and that deceived them.

Wells's letters are gay, eager and confident: Gissing's are warm but tired and essentially evasive. It is clear he was not going to allow any of his friends to touch his sacred misfortunes. There are two very funny fussy letters of his in which he prepares to receive Mr and Mrs Wells in Rome, treating this tough and very competent couple as if they were a pair of scared children on the edge of financial ruin. It is typical of Gissing to impose his own character on others in this way; that is one of the defects of his novels, as Mr Gettmann shrewdly says in his introduction to this book. Gissing could not lose himself in his characters: 'hence, unable to expand and dramatise his crucial situations, he resorted to the multiplication of episodes and characters and to the extension of illustrative talk'. The odd thing is that Gissing's feeling for failure in life and his almost wilful practice of it in writing have been his distinctive contribution to the English novel. His characters are as passive and isolated as he was. His heroes are the casualties of lower-middle-class life. (The ebullient Wells chose to write about the rebels.) Only Gissing's women impress. As a novelist, Gissing had only half the temperament.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Justice Here and There

The Faces of Justice. By SYBILLE BEDFORD. *Collins.* 21*s*.

Truth in action is much more frightening than truth on the bookshelves. It erupts with the shrivelling impartiality of Vesuvius. When Disraeli said that justice was truth in action he was probably in love with an Olympian view of its English face. It was a suspicion that justice, everywhere, is as many-sided as truth that sent Miss Sybille Bedford on a sharp-eyed journey through Austria, Germany, Switzerland and France, to sit in their law courts and make comparisons; or rather to record impressions that might enable us to make the comparisons for ourselves. And it is thus that the reader, rather than Miss Bedford, finds that English justice comes out of it best of all, with Germany a very close second.

Her mannerisms ('the judges wore simple black gowns trimmed with some plushy fur, white bow ties and their own hair') are now well enough known to have sorted us into critics and fans. Her first five chapters are all about English courts and English law; and here, steadfast as any fan could be, I held my breath while she worked her way with deceptive ease along the only tight-rope where I might have dared to follow. After two or three agonising wobbles she is safely across and in Western Germany. Justice in Germany, except during the Nazi lunacy, seems always to have been thorough, patient, slow-moving, and Solomonic, but the Karlsruhe court that she saw could take a whole day over the alleged larceny of a Woolworth pocket-knife. (The theft of a pair of socks and 20 cigarettes by a refugee from Czechoslovakia seems to have been excused under a law condoning 'appropriation through neces-

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PRENTICE-HALL
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sity'.) In Germany there is no summing up: judge and jury retire to the same room. This sets you wondering whether the summing up is really indispensable in England, where its main function today seems to be the inadvertent provision of grounds for appeal. Miss Bedford had heard an Old Bailey judge take an hour and three quarters to sum up a perfectly simple case about the larceny of some apples and cheese, and yet she felt, at the end of her pilgrimage, that British justice is 'dangerously quick'. However long the summing up may be, it is worse than useless if it is factually wrong or incomplete, and one effect of our exclusion of hearsay evidence in criminal cases is that it is likely to be both. Moreover 'it is seldom,' says Miss Bedford with truth, 'that an English magistrate or judge does not at least wince or yawn when a psychiatric opinion is being read'. In Germany the wincing and yawning are at least under control.

Her accounts and snippets of English trials and English police procedure earn confidence for her reports from abroad. So far as I know, comparative law has never before been approached on this everyman level; and if so, this book would have had a curious and unprecedented value however it was done. In fact Miss Bedford's method of depicting people in trouble is vivid, wry, empathetic, and evocative, and what is more important, throughout this virgin territory where so many fools have feared to tread she never puts an angelic foot wrong.

C. H. ROLPH

No Brazilian Adventures

A World on the Wane. By CLAUDE LEVI-STRAUSS. Translated by JOHN RUSSELL. *Hutchinson.* 42*s*.

Lévi-Strauss's 'autobiography' is a patchwork of different themes, and I found it difficult to follow the development of his arguments, or his character, through the recital of his travels, his reflections on French and Brazilians, and his final philosophising about what he considers to be the anthropologist's dilemma. Lévi-Strauss's technical work is so rich and so exact, and he occupies so important a place in world social anthropology, that I may have hoped for too much.

His book opens with an attack on the cult of travellers' books:

> Travel-books, expeditionary records, and photograph-albums abound; and as they are written or compiled with an eye mainly for effect the reader has no means of estimating their value . . . Exploration has become a profession; not, as one might suppose, that it's a matter of unearthing new facts in the course of several years' laborious study – not at all! Mere mileage is the thing . . . Platitudes take shape as revelations once the audience is assured that the speaker has sanctified them by travelling to the other side of the globe.

From this opening we might expect to learn that travelling through a country with several years of laborious study behind one is far more rewarding. I saw some of David Attenborough's television shows of his travels in Australasia and I remember being horrified at his shallow description of the cult of John Frum in the New Hebrides. It was presented as the silly dreams of a simple people, without comment on his inability to speak to them. This sort of thing might drive one to Lévi-Strauss's book in the hope of finding the anthropologist's answer to how a general audience could be provided with that element of adventure and exoticism which they get from the travellers' tale, but sharpened by knowledge and understanding of the history of the land and of the peoples who dwell in it. Frankly, I was disappointed; and unhappily I am left with the feeling that the failure relates to the nature of the task, rather than to Lévi-Strauss. I say 'unhappily', because this may well mean that it is impossible to combine learning and excitement in a single book.

Here the attempt has produced an unsorted blend of different kinds of intuition and explanation: of what it means to travel in arduous but rather dull country which nonetheless produces introspective reactions, of the poverty of social organisation among a frontier people in the tropics, of how various different Brazilian tribes have solved problems that confront all mankind, of why anthropologists leave their own society to study exotic communities and how this affects them. The book is a thing of shreds and patches, some of which, though, are scintillating. The highly professional analysis of the tribal system of the Caduveo, the Bororo, the Nambikwara, and the Tupi-Kawahib, is pithy and penetrating; and this analysis is enhanced by Lévi-Strauss's insight into what lies within the varied reactions of all men to their common lot on earth. The references to regional background and tribal history are sometimes inadequate for the unlearned reader, but these parts of the book will fascinate the professional anthropologist. They are technical analyses of high clarity, quite unconnected with the opening theme of adventure. 'Anthropology is a profession in which adventure plays no part'. Rightly, then, he tones down his own adventures – the boredom, the irritation of insect pests and monotonous food; and tones them down so much that they lack even that amusement which comes from the deliberate bathos of, for example, Peter Fleming's *Brazilian Adventure*.

Similarly, when he breaks into an account of how he came to be an anthropologist, abandoning the sterility of his philosophical studies, he does no more than hint at how geology or his discovery of Marx and Freud affected him personally. The narrative is interrupted by a chapter lengthily describing sunset at sea: it is not linked, though one suspects there *is* a link in Lévi-Strauss's feelings, with his concluding discussion of how 'the anthropologist who is critic at home and conformist elsewhere is . . . in a contradictory position'. If he wishes to contribute to the improvement of his own society he must condemn those inadequacies he dislikes here, in the exotic societies where he chooses to live. Like the reflections on civilisation which flow from his discovery that the filthily distilled Martinique rum is perfect, while the hygienically distilled Porto Rico rum is 'brutal and vulgar', this discussion raises questions of a more radical kind than appear elsewhere in the book.

A translation has to be assessed in its own right, save for readers of the original language. Those who can read French are advised to look at Professor Lévi-Strauss's original *Tristes Tropiques*: it contains four chapters on his experiences in Asia which deepen understanding of his thesis, and it has a map. Also the English does not bring out some of the subtleties of his thought, and indeed in places seems to me to obscure what he was trying to say. The absence of a map from this edition – of several detailed maps, in fact – is a grave shortcoming.

MAX GLUCKMAN

Amour et Foi

Young Man in Chains. By FRANCOIS MAURIAC. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15*s*.

A Shooting Star. By WALLACE STEGNER. *Heinemann.* 18*s*.

The Worthy Termites. By ALFRED MAUND. *Longmans.* 16*s*.

Dragon's Wine. By BORDEN DEAL. *Hutchinson.* 16*s*.

A Wild Surmise. By FREDERIC RAPHAEL. *Cassell.* 16*s*.

God Was Born in Exile. By VINTILA HORIA. Translated by A. LYTTON SELLS. *Allen & Unwin.* 16*s*.

Good-bye, Ava. By RICHARD BISSELL. *Secker & Warburg.* 16*s*.

For the Good of the Company. By THOMAS HINDE. *Hutchinson.* 16*s*.

China Court. By RUMER GODDEN. *Macmillan.* 18*s*.

A good convention – such as the dry precision of the classical French novel – can do wonders for mediocre work. The examples are abundant, from Paul Bourget down to Françoise Sagan: and I sometimes wonder whether François Mauriac isn't among them. Claude-Edmonde Magny has said of his characters: '*Devant ces personnages nous nous sentons touchés, certes, mais de l'émotion semi-physiologique que provoquent en nous les frères siamois ou la femme-tronc.*' How acceptable would they be if Mauriac had been reared in the looser, ampler traditions of English or American writing? While the typical pitfall for the classical French novelist is spurious clarity and emotional glibness, writers in English are prone to an unselective self-indulgence that crams everything down. In Mauriac's sickroom world, this would have made the atmosphere stifling.

Young Man in Chains, the last of his novels to be published in the collected English edition, was in fact the first to be written: it came out in 1913. Of all his works, it least approaches either the heights or the dangers of his achievement. It is nowhere near as powerful as *Le Noeud de Vipères,* and nowhere near as irritating as *La Chair et le Sang.* Its subject is familiar – a lonely Sorbonne student with faith qualms, and passion, who drifts into a socio-religious organisation, *Amour et Foi,* whose leader radiates flawed sincerity and spiritual arrogance. In the movement, the young man patronises a working-class boy, then refuses his demand for closer friendship. As a result, he himself is spurned by the group as a bourgeois dilettante. Rejected and miserable, he turns to 'pleasure' – and Mauriac gives us some fine quick vignettes of crummy nightclubs and the stale candyfloss of commercial sex. At length, he recovers an uneasy stability in his faith, and takes up again with his cousin Marthe, whose Martha-like devotion he has hitherto ignored. The book ends with plans for the marriage that she knows will be less than perfect.

A sketch, then, for Mauriac's later development of similar themes: lit by hindsight, it glows fitfully. Formally, it's imperfect; and, its indirection and understatement reminded me of the emotional awkwardness of Snow's 'Lewis Eliot'. Even its language is sometimes flat, especially in translation. And yet, with all this, tradition tells. The tight, concise convention imposes its discipline; and like a St Cyr marksman, young, off-form, but stiffened by training, Mauriac still hits the target, if only with a .22.

A Shooting Star, by contrast, is a heavy repeating rifle, equally effective, but in a totally different convention. Its blurb likens the author to 'Steinbeck, O'Hara and Cozzens': but in fact, 'Marquand, Basso and Sloan Wilson' might be nearer the mark. Nevertheless, there's a doggedness and an altertness here that make Mr Stegner more likeable than most. His theme is the unhappiness of a rich, attractive and childless wife who betrays her husband, then runs this way and that in guilt and misery and self-dramatisation before she uncertainly feels her way back to some kind of control and humility. The story takes in everything – rich suburbia, richer exurbia, the littered desert, the worthiness that redeems so much in modern America. It's a big, serious, worthy book, indeed, just below the Snowline.

Smaller, sharper, and perforce narrower is Alfred Maund's cold scrutiny of the Southern bus boycott and of two white liberals who found themselves involved. This is much more closely-written book than Mr Stegner's, with an angry discipline that's partly admirable and partly disconcerting in its single-mindedness. Metallic, harsh, too intent for mere comfort, *The Worthy Termites* left me, at least, with a more lasting impression, not all of it pleasant. But I'm still unable, a week later, to disentangle critical reactions from political concern.

Dragon's Wine, on the other hand, is much more overtly ambitious, and only indirectly committed. Heralded by a Guggenheim Fellowship for Creative Writing, it cunningly transplants the Macbeth theme – and some Macbeth properties – to a *Tobacco-Road* setting in the Deep South, remote, primitive, and toweringly passionate. A pretentious, literary book, you may say; yet within its framework of suspended disbelief it has a power that conquers ridicule and deprecation. Of course, the theme itself, once again, is partly responsible: but such allusiveness acts both ways, lending strength and at the same time inviting comparisons. Borden Deal is no Mississippi Shakespeare, but he is certainly a master of stealthy and appalling revelation.

In a less teeming week, Frederic Raphael's new novel would have headed the column. Set in a mythical oil republic, its authenticity of detail recalls *Nostromo*: the oil company, the foreign colony, the cocktail intrigues, all are brilliantly done. Less successful, to my mind, is the central character, Robert Carn, a British draft-dodger who's presumably intended as the Truly Strong Man. His political activities and eventual humiliation seemed to me made-up and rather joyless by comparison with the sharp, knowing malice of the rest – on a par, indeed, with the hackneyed Sidney Greenstreet villain who likes little boys. But this kind of failure strikes me as honourable; and the whole book has immense dash and vigour.

God Was Born in Exile is likewise a careful construct, yet another 'autobiography' from the Graeco-Roman world. This time it's Ovid in exile; and Vintila Horia, himself a Rumanian exiled in the West, has aptly earned the tribute that Gibbon paid to Ovid's letters:

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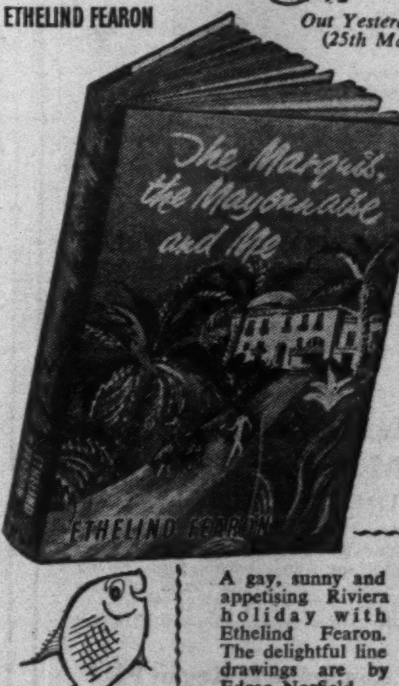

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> singular circumstances; and they contain many curious observations, which no Roman, except Ovid, could have an opportunity of making.

So far as a non-classicist can judge, the tone and content are entirely plausible: only the introduction of Jesus Christ by proxy at the end seems slightly illegitimate as a way of catching the conscience of the reader. Myself, I still prefer Ovid.

Good-bye, Ava, by the author of *The Pajama Game*, is a sprawling piece of middle aged Chuckleberry Finn about Rare Ole Characters living on houseboats: mildly funny but no hoot. *For the Good of the Company* by Thomas Hinde gazes in mild perplexity at a mammoth London firm through the eyes of a new recruit who sleeps with the boss's daughter and spends several weeks writing what sounds like a terrible speech for him. The Rumer Godden is an involved piece of hokum about a family house on the Cornish moors, dominated by an Old Mrs Quin, and full of memories, cooking, animals, servants and whatnot, all stirred up into a cloggy porridge of past and present presumably inspired by the least successful parts of *To the Lighthouse.*

RICHARD MAYNE

Dead Fellows

Blue Skies, Brown Studies. By WILLIAM SANSOM. *Hogarth.* 25*s.*

I am inclined to think that writers should not keep notebooks at all. There is, for a start, that great urge to sit at café tables, comparing things with other things: 'Pale brown dogs lie like a death of bones' – everything is like something else to the note-taker, even (especially?) to Mr Sansom. Secondly, there is the tendency to muse rather than to investigate: ' . . . all dressed in white shorts and vests at ten in the evening, strange athletic uniform for bandsmen . . . ' Why? The note-taker doesn't find out. He takes notes. And there is thirdly the great danger that the note-taker will one day get his notebooks out and, flicking through such morsels as have not already been absorbed as background in a novel or a play, where they belong, will whip them together into a number of soufflés, later to be served up as a book with acknowledgments to the various magazines where they first publicly appeared.

Not that Mr Sansom doesn't know about the folly of note-taking. 'In any case, by writing themselves down in the first place, these notes have somewhat satisfied the need to write: however telegraphic they may be, they are already expressed – and thus, for practical purposes, half-dead.' It is when he adds, 'Let us then revive some of these dead fellows', that Mr Sansom makes his mistake.

Blue Skies, Brown Studies consists of 16 travel sketches about Capri, St Tropez, Baden-Baden, Sogne and other places. About three of them, I would say, are substantial enough to belong in a book – a mouth-watering description of a meal in a restaurant between Antibes and Nice, an amusing little tale of a Salzburg hotel which 'disappeared', and a long fresh look at London in which Mr Sansom blows the dust off a few myths such as the uniqueness of London bobbies (they have them in Gibraltar), There is a description, too, of the colourful frogged uniforms in the halls of the Arsenal Museum in Vienna, of the uniform that Archduke Ferdinand was wearing on 28 June 1914, and the car in which he was riding, and – 'After that, all the halls are grey'. A nice piece of Sansom baroque – but I wish I hadn't had to sit through his notes from a coffee-house table before coming to it.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

Militant Minorities

Organised Groups in British National Politics. By ALLEN POTTER. *Faber.* 42*s.*

The greatest temptation lying in wait for the social scientist is to imagine that he has made a new discovery when in fact he has only invented a new description. To this temptation, political scientists seem particularly apt to succumb – perhaps because they wish to distinguish themselves from mere journalists and historians. Mr Potter's study of the working of pressure groups in British politics is a good example. His book is precise and scholarly; and it contains a great deal of valuable information. But he has spent so much space classifying his material that he has too little left to tell us how any particular pressure group actually works. A student who wants to find out how trade unions actually influence the Labour Party will learn more from John Cole's reports in *The Guardian* or from Martin Harrison's recent book. A prosaic and detailed account of the working of the Lord's Day Observance Society or the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament or the National Farmers' Union would have been worth pages of abstract generalisation.

Mr Potter would probably reply that he is not trying to tell us about any particular pressure group: he is trying to tell us about pressure groups in general. But that is exactly what he does not do. The valuable parts of his book are the specific illustrations. The only unassailable generalisation which emerges is that pressure groups are of many different kinds, and that they work in many different ways to get what they want.

Implicitly, however, his book does raise one general question. Pressure groups – both of the 'spokesman' kind, like the trade unions, and of the 'promotional' kind like the CND – clearly play a vital part in a democratic society. Their activities are an indispensable check on the audacity of elected persons (and on the even greater audacity of the caucuses which in practice do most of the electing that matters). Without them, the Englishman might indeed be free only on election day.

But who is to check the audacity of the pressure groups? It may be true, as Mr R. T. McKenzie has said, that they form a 'parallelogram of forces' in which opposite pressures are cancelled out. But what happens to the people who fall between the chinks? Most of the 'promotional' groups, in particular, are minority organisations. There is no Campaign for Nuclear Armament, no Society for the Non-Observance of the Lord's Day, no lobby to protect those who wish to maltreat animals, to drink or to fornicate. When the pressure-group's object is of direct party concern, this may not matter: Britain is unlikely to adopt the CND's policy unless the majority of the electorate wants her to. But when the pressure group cuts across party lines, the easy-going majority is easily dictated to by an organised minority. The last occasion when this problem was tackled in socialist theory was in the Webbs' suggestion for a 'social parliament'. It ought to be tackled again.

DAVID MARQUAND

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>
> HANNAH ARENDT

The thought of masterpieces being changed, either dying of neglect or being worked over unfeelingly, is almost unbearable. Our cultural heritage? Something more real, more personal, than that is at stake, something that one feels more jealously: we have a claim on the very fabric of these pictures: they make our bodies tolerable. But of course their 'outstanding permanence' is only relative. Neglected or cared for, they change: dirt obscures them, old varnish endangers them and underneath, all the time, ground and pigment change too. Hence our ambivalent feelings towards the restorer: checking and correcting one kind of change, he exposes another.

The spectacular hanging of the newly opened Duveen Rooms at the National Gallery has focused attention on certain Titians which have been cleaned during the last few years and it looks as if we are in for another round of the cleaning controversy. As in previous bouts, opposition to cleaning appears to come mostly from those who have an interest in old pictures looking old. 'We do not surely want old masters to look like Post-Impressionist pictures! Time is also a great artist', writes one correspondent, supporting Signor Annigoni in *The Times*. Eyes that reject the tonality of Post-Impressionism cannot bear to be reminded that the old masters painted blond pictures too, nor can a taste that insists that an Old Master be warm all over accept that counterpoint of warm and cool that cleaning reveals. But this phase of the controversy is really over now: soon there won't be any pictures left under gallery varnish to set a bogus standard. No sensitive observer can doubt the value of good cleaning. One has only to think of the richness that it has yielded in one picture – Rembrandt's *Margaretha Trip*.

But the danger is that in winning the battle the conservation experts may have taken up a psychological position which makes them immune to criticism. A defender of the National Gallery in *The Times* correspondence writes that 'if Signor Annigoni is to continue attacking the National Gallery Conservation Department it would be interesting to know what his technical qualifications are for his self-appointed role. His aesthetic qualifications may be judged from his paintings.' It would be really frightening if the crass and arrogant cheek of these sentences proved to be typical of the museum mind. If the present controversy continues we may soon have a chance to judge whether it is or not.

The present condition of Titian's *Noli Me Tangere* and *Holy Family with Saints* is such that they are impossible to see *as pictures*. What has happened is that certain glazes over the foliage in the landscape, green originally, have oxidised to a thin brown colour, and cleaning has unleashed ferociously powerful blues in the distant planes of the landscape which were previously modified by dirt and yellowed varnish. The result is that the colour-structure of the picture is now so out of balance that the picture-space simply cannot be read. Cleaning has not merely removed the discolouring of dirt but has revealed a chemical change in the paint itself. The official report which covers this cleaning speaks of an attempt to tone down the blue: the result seemed 'pleasing', but was in the end rejected. The Gallery holds to its view that whereas 'distortions caused by discoloured varnish are certain' and therefore have to be removed, distortions caused by the disparate ageing of colours 'are an inevitable part of the picture's history' and must therefore be accepted, for 'any attempts to rectify them represent an arbitrary exercise of taste.'*

This argument would be acceptable if one could share the view that pictures are primarily documents: but pictures are primarily works of art. Or if one could be convinced that the expert himself was or could be beyond or above 'the arbitrary exercise of taste.' But even the authors of the National Gallery Report of 1955-56 cannot claim this and indeed are at pains to show in a different passage to the one quoted above that scientific controls are directed 'by the quality which may be described, for want of a better word, as taste.' Thus the experts get the best of both worlds. Again one could accept their argument if it were humanly possible to contemplate the shrieking blues that now split in two the *Noli Me Tangere* in the same spirit as one can contemplate the broken nose of an antique marble or the worm holes in a Gothic Madonna. But it is emotionally impossible to do this, if only for the crude reason that this is something that has happened to the picture under one's very eyes; one feels responsible for one's time.

Do we have to take it on trust that the National Gallery cleaners have not removed any original glazes from the surface of these Titians? As far as I know there is no means of proving it objectively either way. Pigments can be identified by chemical analysis but old binding media can't. We are in the hands of the restorer with all his experience – and his taste. Most painters, and not only old-fashioned ones but modern ones too, would, I believe, think that certain pictures have been over-cleaned. There has never been a satisfactory explanation of the grains of bare white pigment that appeared in the Rembrandt *Woman Bathing* after it was cleaned. (This was one of the ten pictures considered by the Weaver Committee in 1947; its report didn't mention this feature.)

What was the alternative to deep-cleaning the Titian? The view of the National Gallery is that

> if cleaning is to be undertaken, it is not considered justifiable to leave any part of these accretions if it falsifies the appearance of the original picture or endangers its further preservation. Partial cleaning may lead to a worse falsification, as it has often done in the past.

The questions that one would like to see publicly answered are: would partial cleaning in the case of these Titians have been dangerous? Is it held that partial cleaning and clear varnish would have led to worse falsifications? Is it certain that the present complete exposure of the paint surface to the light will not lead to further changes?

The pangs that one feels over these Titians are not in any way softened by the manner in which the whole Venetian collection is now displayed. Floors and walls of the new room are of a sharp reflective gold; the wall-coverings, the colour of pale egg-yolk and no doubt permanently so thanks to air-conditioning, completely overwhelm the eye as one enters the room. The walls are so pale that the pictures tell first as flat dark patches against them, and so yellow that they are leeched of all their warmth: Veronese's cool gold-greys and lemon-greys seem to bleed out into the wall leaving nothing but an ashy leaden skeleton within the frame; Titian's bronzes and chrysanthemums look sallow and tarnished. It is as though a concert hall had been devised at vast expense specially to echo and to reverberate, to slur and to distort. Some pictures could survive this, just as some pictures could survive the loss or distortion of their colour; but the Venetians live by their structure of warm and cool and it should be the aim of conservation and of display to reveal this structure in its wholeness and complexity. At present the internal systems of these pictures are shattered in the face of larger contrasts imposed by the room.

Here is the exercise of arbitrary taste. It does not give one a lot of confidence.

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* From the National Gallery's answer to a Questionnaire reprinted in *The Care of Paintings*. *Unesco*. 1951.

Handel's Debut

DAVID DREW

Rinaldo was the first opera Handel wrote for English audiences, and its première took place the day after his 26th birthday. It is not the greatest Handel, but it is, in the strict sense, a prodigious achievement. Last week, London heard it again, in a production by the Handel Opera Society at Sadler's Wells.

The 2nd Act is an unmitigated triumph for Handel, who, with only his librettists' poor puppets to guide him, achieves a human drama on the highest level. The 1st Act has many splendid things (and a few dull ones which have mercifully been cut) but on the whole it is formal music-making rather than living music-drama. Only in a few passages – above all in Armida's recitative 'My charms cannot fail' – does Handel hint at what is to follow. Indeed, the failure of Armida's charms – a suitable ambiguity – becomes the crux of the 2nd Act. The opening aria, which originally belonged to the discarded Eustazio, is a worthy if conventional prelude to the succeeding recitative and aria of the Siren. 'Come dance and be gay' run her words, yet the hesitant five-bar rhythm is a warning to the dancer, and the modal inflexions give the melody and harmony an air of timeless inaccessibility, mocking the amorous invitation it pretends to convey, and qualifying the promise of gaiety with something which lies as close to and yet distinct from the sharp edge of pure melancholy as the harmony lies close to and distinct from a pure E minor.

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Sublimely beautiful though this is, it remains dramatically and humanly static, according to the convention of the time. But in the great scene between Rinaldo and Armida which follows soon after, something very large and new happens. Fine as are some of the earlier recitatives, Armida's first recitative in this scene, where she deceitfully offers Rinaldo delight and happiness, heightens speech far beyond the normal bounds of the recitative convention, and finely prepares the following duet, where the magnificent vocal writing establishes and develops the opposition of two fully characterised musical profiles. The psychological truthfulness of all this lies solely in the music, but it achieves a realism which in its way is just as valid as the kind which Gluck later strove for. Because of what we hear, we believe implicitly in what we hear; and when the climax of the scene is reached in Armida's aria 'How cruel!' our belief has so grown that time and place and style are forgotten, and Armida's anguish seems like the outward expression of the feelings which the Marschallin, two vast centuries later, quietly suppressed at the close of *Der Rosenkavalier.*

For Handel to have achieved this psychological realism within the very rigid formal convention imposed on him was a proud victory of genius. The mandatory *da capo* aria, with its *exact* repeat of the first section after the second, was of course one of the major obstructions to the development of music-drama; yet Armida's 'Ah! crudel 'comes as near as can be imagined to justifying the form dramatically.

The aria begins in bitter dispair: a bassoon obbligato bows its head. 'Have you no pity?' cries Armida. Suddenly, she recovers her determination in the fast tempo and major key of the contrasting section. So far, the convention does not distort psychological truth. But if the *da capo* form is to be followed mechanically, who is to explain why such determination should break off like a piece of chalk, and be replaced by a despair identical with the beginning? Handel finds an inspired solution. He elides the cadence of the second section with the re-entry to the first: tonally, it is as if the *allegro* had suddenly swept Armida back to the edge of a precipice from which she had fled. For one bar, the vocal line is suspended in space – the orchestra is silent – and then, appalled by the abysmal memory, the line plunges down, not to the bassoon's introductory solo, but, in a sense, deeper than that, to the opening vocal phrase. Handel's extraordinary sense of timing and harmonic-rhythmic perspective gives to this literal repeat the effect of an intensified variation, and Armida's despair seems doubled by its renewal. The aria becomes a lesson in resolve too easily attained, and thus easily lost. It shows that, in the hands of a great composer, the rigid *da capo* form was capable of something as dramatically intense and emotionally truthful as anything in classical or romantic opera.

The Handel Opera Society are to be congratulated on the general standard of the production. Jennifer Vyvyan's Armida was a masterpiece, Anthony Powell's sets are far above what is usual in such ventures, and Douglas Craig's production works very well, apart from the tendency of many of the singers to impose dramatic gestures on static arias. Each cadence is apt to provoke a change of stance, which is quite unfunctional, and makes the singers more rather than less robot-like. But for the most part we need have no qualms at the thought that this production will be seen in Halle this year – provided, of course, that it is associated with orchestral playing of a very different calibre. The Society's production of Handel's *Semele*, which was revived on the opening night of their season, is markedly inferior, but the work is of such miraculous power and beauty that the day must surely come when it is established as a repertory piece. In the cut form used, very properly, by the Society, it is pure gold from start to finish. Even Semele's mirror-aria, which some critics have found vapid, is in the context most touching. It shows a Semele who is somewhat akin to Chaucer's fair foolish Criseyde, and the parallel is supported by the tragic outcome. The work is one of the monuments of music drama, and serious though it is, its occasional humour has a jovial quality which in no wise excuses the mere flippancy of the yawn which Somnus was allowed to perpetrate during the course of his great aria. Critics who suggest that comedy of this kind helps to relieve the 'tedious beauty' of the rest of the score are circling in outer space.

Robson Agonistes

ROGER GELLERT

I yield to none – well, few – in my admiration for Dame Flora Robson. She is a woman of exceptional humour, intelligence and feeling. Why is it, then, that in spite of her often very successful forays into Shakespeare, Ibsen or Brecht, one has come to associate her with a peculiar sort of theatrical masochism, a predilection for shallow problem-plays that rack her for two acts and crack her in the third? Lesley Storm's latest (*Time and Yellow Roses,* at the St Martin's Theatre) is also her dullest, and hooks itself rather too glibly on to recent African politics. Dame Flora is required to impersonate the wealthy, reasonably liberal widow of a Belgian industrialist whose Congo record proves to be no better than it should have been, indeed rather worse. Her daughter, who knows about this, has already begun atonement by stealing some jewels (presented by her late Dad) from his awful mistress, and contributing them to a Congo relief fund; during Act 3 she goes off and makes the supreme sacrifice in the Congo, stabbed by a poor African who never realised she was his friend: And how should he? she murmurs, dying. But back at home, in her pin-clean executive flat, surrounded by modern actionable paintings and hideous phallic lamps, Dame Flora can at last break down and have the good old cry she has been patiently working towards for the past 90 minutes.

If this sounds stirring stuff, let me assure you that it isn't. It was not merely the heat that had me dozing off, but the awful falseness of the so-called dialogue, a non-speaking prose if ever there was, a dead sub-rhetoric with all the raw passion of a sharp letter to *The Times,* rattling over its commas like a whistle-stop election train. The play is worthy, smug and corpse-like. All Dame Flora can do is stumble stiffly round the stage, blinded by doubt and anxiety. As her daughter, that true and touching young actress Patricia Healey appears to have been steam-rollered into a performance of taxing monotony, played on a single note of plaintive reproach. Keith Baxter, however, as her Belgian left-wing boy-friend, overcomes the inherent self-righteousness of the part and manages to make a very strong and sympathetic impression.

If you don't fancy Belgian colonial guilt treated windily at a distance, you may perhaps prefer the French variety, melodramatically, on the spot. Leo Heaps, however, author of *Three Posts on the Square* (Arts Theatre), has served up French Algeria in what appears to be a crude rehash of that fine war film 'Paths of Glory', and his villain, General Villiers, is no mere arrogant bonehead, but an out-and-out wog-flogging psychopath with homosexual tendencies. As in the film, there is a suicidal attack which fails, two soldiers are arbitrarily court-martialled for cowardice, and vainly defended by an honest young officer. Rather surprisingly, the monster is played by gentle Robert Eddison, mad-eyed and bearded like a prophet; excellent in velvety menace, Eddison has been made to rant and hiss in a style quite foreign to him.

Of *The Sound of Music* (Palace Theatre), one of the last-fruits of Rodgers-Hammerstein, perhaps the less said the better. It is 'sweet' and 'wholesome' in a way which makes nonsense of those words. It lugs in every tired old cliché of the world of Kitsch. I am not sure what relation the plot bears to the true story of the doubtless admirable Trapp Family Singers, but as presented in musical form it demands suspension not only of disbelief but of the life-force, the death-wish and most of the five senses. How gay little Maria leaves her giggling convent to go as governess to the seven children of gruff, embittered, aristocratic widower von Trapp, how she teaches the moppets to sing, thus breaking through to Papa's soft centre and at last to a lovely convent wedding – this let others tell I will merely add that the music is gushingly insipid, the lyrics blush-making ('like a lark when it first learns to pray' is one of the images I am still trying to expunge from my memory); that pretty Jean Bayless (Maria) is a twittering soubrette of little charm; that Roger Dann (Trapp) is dreary in anger and worse when he melts, and Constance Shacklock does her reputation no good as a wobbling contralto Abbess. One is grateful for the decent, deliberate vulgarity of Harold Kasket as a bouncy impresario and Eunice Gayson as a designing woman. It is perhaps somewhat lame, after 101 Dalmatians and 76 Trombones, to report that a mere 21 Nuns singing Alleluya are used to cover a scene change.

Silent and Simple

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The ruin of most films is over-emphasis: too much plot, too much acting, too much – what shall one call it? – hullabaloo. The audience must be battered, the individual never allowed to come to the surface. Nine times out of ten this is what happens when we stroll into a cinema. We scarcely realise what we're missing – how we're being put upon – until the rare film comes along that does without all this aggressiveness, the film that can afford silences and dawdlings.

Such, during the past week, has been the experience of those lucky enough to see at the National Film Theatre the two Tagore stories filmed by Satyajit Ray for the recent Centenary. Unlike most tributes, including Ray's own documentary of Tagore shown earlier in the month, these pieces bear no mark of having been made to an occasion. They are lighter in tone, more open in texture, than similar stories that could be detached from the Apu trilogy; but in the first of them particularly, *The Postmaster*, his fine sympathies are admirably deployed. Delicate, natural touches set a character in action. The new postmaster has arrived. Not a great deal will happen. A chair breaks; he takes over the small girl who keeps the place swept; the washing pool is dirty; and while he sits on the verandah, wondering why he left Calcutta, a terrifying madman performs crab-like convolutions in the dust and roars. The postmaster hurriedly occupies himself with a book he's holding upside down.

We know that he can't, won't, stay in such a hole. But life meanders on, he teaches his little orphan servant to write, and if it weren't for malaria (which the child nurses him through), he would probably still be there, hearing the madman's 'Left-Right' in the storm, sitting back through a grotesque musical evening. As it is, he gets himself transferred and marches up the forest road, umbrella under arm, with a rupee ready for the servant girl. She comes along, passes without a look or a word, having already cried her heart out. A new postmaster is calling for water.

The beauty of this ending is perfectly achieved, with exactly the right stress, which is no more insistent than is the humour of the beginning, or the moonings and horrified acquiescences on the way. One can't say precisely how the balance has been sustained – in words, close-ups, landscape, music (Ray's own), silence – only that it is there. Simplicity and sublety have achieved a unique harmony. The second film, *Samapti*, a story of marriage with a tomboy, has all and even more of the

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qualities that go to make up a Ray film; yet unaccountably, two thirds of the way through, the method appears to wear a little thin. It is only a fractional failure, but enough to steer us off course.

Demons

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

THE GRAVEN IMAGE (R.W.S. Galleries). The group of large wood-engravings by the Japanese Shiko Muntaka which form the centrepiece of this exhibition strikes me as work of great energy, nobility and power – this despite a certain feeling of resistance to anything that smacks of Zen, and to fashionable Japanesery in general. Muntaka attacks the block with such ferocity that the wooden surface seems gashed and wounded rather than carved; he prints with no care for the 'perfect' impression. He is eclectic – he borrows from the West, from Ming art and, on one occasion, apparently from Persian pottery. His supreme quality, amidst and through all this, is the power to haunt and even terrify the spectator – his images are demonic precisely as some of Blake's are.

The rest of the show looks a bit tame by comparison. Too many of the artists seem to forget that while prints offer very effective means of creating images and signs – anything designed to be 'read', they rank as poor relations when offered as substitutes for painting. There are unhappy attempts to copy the fluid effects of tachisme by methods which are necessarily deliberate and laborious, and there is too much stress on technique for its own sake. One or two fine things stand out. I particularly liked *Three Kings and a Queen* by David Hockney – a print which uses the subtle medium of etching very directly, as a natural means of communication with an audience.

ENCOUNTER

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SONIA DELAUNAY (Brook Street Gallery). A belated tribute to an artist whose work is of great historical interest. She demonstrates, in almost diagrammatic fashion, the course taken by an important section of the Ecole de Paris. She finds her starting point in Gauguin, and travels through Cubism to pure Abstraction. But, perhaps because of the strong doctrinaire element, I find that what she does is difficult to respond to simply as painting. The colour is usually harsh and unsubtle; the handling has a crudity and a deliberate refusal of elegance which puts me in mind of recent work by Pasmore. Some of the compositional devices, the 'signs', seem pretty banal – especially the omnipresent concentric semicircles and segments of a circle. And where naturalistic references appear, as in some costume designs, the drawing is undistinguished.

ELINOR BELLINGHAM SMITH (Maas). Proof that the English watercolour tradition can still occasionally throw up work of surprising freshness. Miss Bellingham Smith is, luckily, not too much bound up in the mystique of the medium. Like Constable's, hers are the watercolours of an oil-painter. The best of these drawings (they cover a period of about 20 years) have a genuine affinity with Constable's late work – freely calligraphic rather than consciously deft.

GHIKA (Lefevre). References to Ghika's 'Greekness' seem obligatory when his work comes up for discussion. It is true, of course, that his pictures show a slight Orientalism of pattern, and a Mediterranean brilliance of colour. Far more striking, however, are his debts to Braque and Picasso, and the skill with which he manages to overcome the disadvantages of having to use a borrowed pictorial language. His strength, perhaps, lies in his feeling for the overall structure of a big composition.

MATTA (Gimpel). Matta is perhaps the most difficult of all these to assess fairly. At first glance, his work seems distantly related to Miro and Tanguy. A closer look seems to show that the main influence is the surrealist Picasso of around 1929-32, and also that there are a good many well-concealed figurative references. The technique is accomplished, and as ambiguous as the content – pale colours, with a preference for violets and greens, are thinly washed across the canvas; more emphatic strokes are encouraged to sink in and spread, as if on damp blotting paper. I found myself irritated by the preciosity and hermeticism, but impressed by what seems a genuine myth-making power.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,631 **Set by L. W. Bailey**

The final issue of Bradshaw's Railway Guide has now appeared. Contributors are invited to compose a conversation on its demise (not more than 150 words) between Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson; Bertie Wooster and Jeeves; Wilde's Algernon and Jack; or Shaw's Jack Tanner and Straker. Entries by 6 June.

Result of No. 1,628 **Set by Frank Shaw**

The usual prizes are offered for The Facts of Life as explained to children by one of the following: Brendan Behan, Francoise Sagan, Lord Montgomery, Frank Richards (of Billy Bunter), John Betjeman or Richard Dimbleby.

Report

'This is one competition I would love to judge', wrote a competitor, 'purely to see all the brilliant entries, only a few of which you will be able to publish.' As it turned out, none of the unpublishable entries was particularly brilliant, and of the brilliant entries none was unpublishable.

The most popular exponent of the facts of life, by a long head, was Lord Montgomery. Yet the brisk and martial tone, apparently a cinch, in fact eluded many competitors. Only Peter Veale got both tone and style, and therewith the first prize of two guineas. R. E. Grindle was a good second, his Monty setting up his caravan in Eden itself. To him, and to Miles Burrows, for his Betjeman parody, one guinea. Dimblebies (too fatuous) and Behans (too dirty) failed to qualify; and the Sagans were similarly erratic. One guinea to J. A. Lindon.

LORD MONTGOMERY

All normal young people want to do this thing. It is natural, like fighting.

As in my battles with Rommel, there should be mutual respect. Then it can be quite a good party.

The object of the exercise should be reproduction. I certainly found this was the case in China, a country which greatly impressed me.

I think it is better if people doing this thing do not drink or smoke. That, of course, is a purely personal view.

PETER VEALE

It wasn't until the eighth day that the Lord visited my Headquarters. I had been expecting Him sooner. 'Look, Monty,' he said, 'this is the problem. Man and woman are ready. Now I want them to multiply. What should I do?' 'Well, Lord,' I told Him, 'this is what you do. On the one side, you have man. On the other side, woman. You bring them together. That is what you should do.' Early next day I summoned a conference. I sent for Adam. I also sent for Eve. I addressed them under a fruit tree, in the garden adjoining my Headquarters. 'Look,' I said to them. 'Look, this is the plan . . .'

R. E. GRINDLE

J*HN B*TJ*M*N

The 'facts of life', Myfanwy dear,
Are not quite all they might appear.
This Norman . . . I don't say you're wrong,
But could he ever quite *belong*
In Carlton Avenue? I know
Mummy's no need to tell you so,
(Mummy read Lawrence at your age too)
And yet, somehow, it won't *quite* do,
Will it? Now Norman's a very good sort:
He's a jolly nice boy, and a jolly good sport,
But the times when we knew him at Sandycove Bay
And the games of rounders we used to play
And the chummy wrestling in the sand . . .
We mustn't let them get out of hand.

MILES BURROWS

FRANK RICHARDS

These are matters into which English children do not pry. You will understand when – er – when you are *married*, not before, and even then you will avoid thinking and *never speak* of such things. Only an ignorant foreigner, or a howling cad, does *that*. Model your conduct in – er – towards – er – on that of the decent boys of Greyfriars or the – er – girls of Cliff House, and you will not go wrong. Remember, when George Figgins won the Bishop's Medal to please Gussy's Cousin Ethel, the sweet smile that Miss Cleveland gave him was ample reward. Ample. Ask no more.

J. A. LINDON

Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

There is pretty good agreement among television research workers on what the television receiver of the future is like; the only trouble is they don't know how to do it. It consists of a flat piece of glass with powders that glow deposited on the back and interwoven with wires. Behind the panel, or discreetly concealed in a picture frame around it, are the electronics, occupying very little space. Silent high-speed switches direct the signal to each little element of the picture in turn, to construct an image in full colour.

Existing techniques fall far short of the ideal, but there is no reason in principle why we should not see such a thing in the 1970s. Meanwhile laboratories in several countries are trying to wring colour out of the old cathode-ray tube. It manifestly can be done; but I am beginning to doubt if, after all these years, the cathode-ray tube will ever give a cheap colour picture. I think we may have to wait for the perfection of techniques of 'electroluminescence' and switching, or for some other radical approach to television.

There are three systems for domestic colour display which are worth talking about in relation to a possible introduction of colour services in Britain: the 'shadow-mask', 'indexing' and 'auxiliary frame-scan' systems. They are all attempts to get round the basic difficulty that, while the electron beam that 'writes' on the screen within a cathode-ray tube is a very swift and successful instrument for black and white television, it is rather inaccurate in its aim. For colour television, accuracy is all; within each little element of the picture one has to use electrons to convey different signals to three powders, which glow, red, green and blue, in the right proportions.

The discovery, by James Clerk Maxwell, that any colour can be matched by judicious combinations of red, green and blue light, is almost exactly 100 years old; and Dr W. A. H. Rushton of Cambridge has celebrated the centenary in the best possible way. He has reported in the *New Scientist* the detection of the third of three pigments within the cone cells of the human retina, which are responsible for colour vision, thus giving a physiological interpretation to Maxwell's discovery. But that is by the way: colour television researchers have long since exploited the peculiarities of the human eye – for example, in saving 'room' in the radio spectrum by transmitting only as much colour information as is needed to satisfy it. The cameras and broadcasting techniques exist, which is why the BBC can talk cheerfully about starting regular colour services.

The Americans have had colour broadcasts for the best part of a decade and yet only one or two per cent of television receivers are colour sets – even in that affluent and gimmick-loving society – which shows that it is not just a matter of the high cost of the sets but also has something to do with a shrewdness of the American public, in seeing that an invention was foisted upon it prematurely.

The American receiver is based on the 'shadow-mask' system, using the tube invented by the Radio Corporation of America, wherein the electrons are persuaded to fall on the colour-emitting powder appropriate to the signal they carry, by means of a metal plate full of holes. This mask lies behind the screen of the cathode ray tube,

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COMPANY MEETING

GILL & DUFFUS LIMITED

RECORD TURNOVER

MR. J. I. MURRAY'S STATEMENT

The Annual General Meeting of Gill and Duffus Ltd., will be held on June 15 at the offices of the company, 23, St. Dunstan's Hill, London, E.C.

The following is the Statement by the Chairman, MR J. I. MURRAY, circulated with the report and accounts for the year ended December 31, 1960:—

The results now presented have not been achieved without a great deal of hard work and once again I would like to pay tribute to my colleagues, the Managing and Executive Directors and all those in the employment of our Company both at home and abroad and to tender to them on your behalf our sincere thanks for their valuable services.

I am sorry to have to report the decision of Mr W. Huysman not to seek re-election at the Annual General Meeting on account of his health. While we greatly regret Mr Huysman's decision and still more the reason for it, we have no alternative but to respect his wishes. In all his long association with our Company he has been a most loyal friend and a most respected colleague. Fortunately his unrivalled knowledge of the cocoa manufacturing industry will not be lost to us as he will be available for consultation and in his son we have on the Board a most worthy successor.

Turnover

Under the influence of larger crops the price of cocoa remained relatively stable throughout the past year. Lower prices tended to stimulate consumption with the result that in spite of reduced values the group turnover rose from £37.5 million in 1959 to £42 million in 1960. The turnover was easily a record in the history of the Company both on a value and a tonnage basis and is, I am sure you will agree, no mean achievement having regard to the physical effort involved in putting through such a volume of business in one year.

The produce department had a satisfactory year's trading but £60,000 of development and other expenditure on its new project, to which I shall refer in more detail later, was written off out of revenue and this, of course, affected the overall result. The Subsidiary Companies according to their various circumstances all earned reasonable profits but in total these were on a somewhat reduced scale as compared with 1959.

Increased Group Profit

Taking these factors into account the group profit for the year was £624,758 as compared with £534,526 in 1959—an increase of £90,232. The provision for taxation requires £251,186 and after deducting this and the profit attributable to minority shareholders there remains a consolidated net profit applicable to members of £363,690. The preference dividend requires £7,718 and the ordinary dividend of 27½%, of which 7½% was paid in December takes £138,960 leaving a surplus revenue for the year £217,012. Deducting the amounts retained in and capitalized by Subsidiary Companies there remains to be carried forward to next year a balance of £1,155,666. Of this sum £643,438 is attributable to the Parent Company and £512,228 is retained by subsidiaries.

A Strong Balance Sheet

Ever since the Company became a public one in 1949 it has been the policy of the Board to plough back a substantial part of each year's earnings. As a result a very strong balance sheet has been built up over the years. Fixed assets have been very substantially written down. As at 31st December last current assets less current liabilities amounted to £2,878,605 represented by readily realisable assets in the form of stock, debtors and cash. As I explained last year, we require substantial bank overdrafts, particularly at the end and beginning of each financial year when we are taking up new crop merchandise, but as the Company's own resources are built up year by year the need to depend on bank facilities for our normal trading tends to diminish. At 31st December last bank advances outstanding amounted to £1,655,114 as compared with £2,504,745 at 31st December, 1959—a decrease on the year of £849,631. Furthermore, earnings retained and depreciation charged in last year's accounts amounted to £331,148. In the light of these facts we hope that in future a more liberal dividend policy will be justified.

Capitalisation of Reserves

From the Directors' Report it will be seen that a resolution will be put to the Annual General Meeting proposing to increase the Authorised Capital to £1,750,000 by the creation of £350,000 of unclassified shares of 5s. An amount of £206,250 will be required for the capitalisation issue of one new stock unit of 5s. for every four held as already announced leaving a balance of £218,750 available in the form of unclassified shares of 5s. When we announced the dividend and the proposed capitalisation issue we said it was our intention to increase the Authorized Capital to £2,000,000 but since we have at present no projects in view requiring the issue of additional capital we decided after further consideration that it would be preferable to restrict the Authorised Capital for the time being to £1,750,000.

Current Year

The current year has started well and subject to any sudden change in the outlook which is not at the moment foreseen I would anticipate that profits for 1961 will be similar to those of 1960. Bearing in mind my remarks earlier in this statement on the subject of a more liberal dividend policy such results should allow us to maintain a dividend of 27½% on the ordinary capital as increased.

I now turn to the new project mentioned in my Statement last year. This is an automatic plant for shelling cashew nuts and for the extraction of the valuable liquid contained in the shells. Like our Brazil nut shelling plant developed five years ago, it is an entirely new process and although now in production, there is still a lot of development work to be done. We can only expect, therefore, a modest contribution from this plant during the current year.

I referred last year to the position of West African Mills at Takoradi. I am glad to say that negotiations with the Ghana Government have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion resulting in a long term agreement for the supply of cocoa beans, which should enable the Mills to work at full capacity. We are indebted to the Ghana Government for their understanding of the Mills' problems and look forward to a continuation of the existing close co-operation.

which has three electron guns so directed that the beams converge towards the screen. Passing through the mask the beams fall on to an array of powder dots covering the screen. To arrange the mask in relation to the screen and direct the beams in relation to both, so that electrons from the gun carrying the red signal, say, fall only on the red-glowing dots, calls for skilled and expensive engineering.

Now two other systems have reached the stage at which they are able to give good colour pictures in the laboratory. The 'indexing' system uses a cathode ray tube with a screen carrying vertical red, green and blue powder stripes, across which a single electron beam scans in the normal way. Its position relative to the colour stripes at any instant is revealed by additional vertical stripes that give off ultra-violet light, which can be detected within the receiver; and the right signals are applied to the gun. In the 'Banana' system the cathode ray tube is much simpler altogether; it produces a line of the colour picture by wobbling the electron beam along a single set of horizontal strips of red, green and blue powders, and it uses a mechanical 'auxiliary frame-scan' to stretch out the picture in the vertical direction – actually a rotating drum carrying cylindrical lenses, placed at the foot of a big magnifying mirror.

Each of these systems has intrinsic merits and disadvantages which are technically very interesting – but, in my view, largely academic. They are all too expensive, falling, as far as one can tell, in the range of two to three times the cost of a black and white receiver. Although it may, in a year or two, be reasonable to start colour broadcasts in Britain, it may be ten years before any great number of us will be satisfied with the receivers and able to afford them.

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City Lights

TAURUS

It wasn't much, and it may not be for long, but the stock market did fall last week; having risen by 25 per cent almost without interruption over the past six months, it fell back by 2½ per cent. The contemporary investor himself thinks twice about buying an expensive pig in a poke just before a long weekend; it took only a few sellers, anxious to get off for Whitsun with a comfortable profit and an easy mind, to push prices down – and even that did not prevent the latest little property issue from being 100 times over-subscribed. But the fall in the market happened to coincide with a batch of sobering company announcements. Sometimes it was a company like Reckitt & Colman, from which investors have come to expect automatic growth, reporting unchanged profits and dividends; more often it was the chairman of almost any large company referring dismally to pressure on profit margins. There is much more of this kind of thing to come. The market, once it slows down sufficiently to listen, will have to change a good many of its easy ideas about growth. But at the moment, with trustees eager to gobble up the leavings and institutional investors ready to take up the fashion as soon as it becomes unfashionable, the demand for equities still exceeds the supply. The risk implicit in the combination of sluggish production and an obstinate payments deficit has not yet been taken very seriously

While London was resting, Wall Street was struggling up new peaks. US production rose sharply last month, investors were disposed to read the best into the news, and the Dow Jones average which stood at only 610 in January, rose above 700 for the first time ever; it got up to 710 before the announcement that Du Pont is to be finally forced, after years of legal wrangling, to dispose of its huge holding in General Motors. But US investors are beginning to lose their taste for speculation in small, glamour stocks, and not because of repeated official warnings, nor because of the report that the Federal Reserve is considering an increase – which would be cautionary rather than directly effective – in margin requirements. The simple fact is that two leading specialists on the Curb Exchange (which is second in size only to the New York Big Board) are being charged with fraud in connection with new issues, and that the Securities & Exchange Commission is making the affair an excuse for investigating the Curb Exchange as a whole; the last of these major investigations, which took place just before the war, ended in the president of the Big Board being sent to jail. A committee of Congress, moreover, is expected to hold an open inquiry into the working of stock markets generally next month.

* * *

The latest American raid is less obviously aimed at immediate profit than is usually the case. Fierce competition in chemicals is steadily eating into profit margins; and, although US firms working well below capacity have been mainly responsible for the recent price-cutting orgy, European investment, in chemicals as in other manufactures, has been indiscriminately large enough to ensure a surplus for some years to come. The worst-hit section of the industry so far (whatever the drug manufacturers may mutter about Mr Powell) has been plastics. The established plastics are now being produced everywhere so abundantly that the only hope lies in establishing new, bulk uses for them in open competition with traditional materials like metals and paper, which means a further fall in prices and margins on the chance of larger sales.

Fabricating plastics on a small scale is easy enough, but the number of large fabricators in this country was always small. It has been steadily reduced by the operations of large fabricators in search of expansion, textile companies in search of diversification, and, most recently, producers of plastic raw materials in search of vertical integration. Last weekend there were only two independent fabricators of any size remaining: De La Rue, which makes boilers, banknotes and computers as well as plastics, and Kleeman. Now there is only one. Provided that the Treasury gives permission for this latest increase in the gold reserve, Socony Mobil is to take over Kleeman for £6¾m; the directors, who virtually control the company and are to continue running it as before if the bid goes through, are all in favour. It is not a particularly generous bid in comparison with the present market price, but that price has risen very sharply, in anticipation of a bid.

The odd thing is that Socony Mobil, though it has a refinery on the Thames and several in Europe, does not at present produce any plastic raw materials at all. The only conclusion one can draw from the bid is that it is thinking of going belatedly in for petrochemicals at a time when other oil companies like Shell, which are already established in the field, are complaining about the high capital cost and the relatively low return, and that it is snapping up the last remaining UK fabricator while the going is still good. Kleeman, which is suffering from the slump in refrigerators and television sets, will certainly welcome the prospect of large capital resources for expansion. It may have noticed the results of the US aluminium producers' rush to get European fabricating outlets.

Company News

Mr Clore, determined that *Sears Holdings* should remain a growth stock, but reluctant to take over fresh businesses while prices remain inflated, is accelerating his programme of modernisation and development. The Clore-Cotton *City Centre Properties,* which already owns a third of *Murrayfield Real Estate,* is making a share-exchange offer for the rest, half of which is held by the managing director and his associates.

The *Provincial Building Society,* which only recently rejoined the Association, is unilaterally raising its borrowing and mortgage rates.

Distillers is to raise a large lump of fresh capital by a one-for-ten rights issue on terms still to be announced.

Watney Mann, which already runs 54 petrol stations in conjunction with its pubs, has applied for planning permission for 130 more; and *Total,* which has started 50 stations since it invaded last December, means to have 100 by the year-end.

Castrol, which hopes to gain from the inquiry into tied garages, has reported lower profits despite record sales, but is raising its dividend from 18¾ to 20 per cent.

Cunard expects to receive tenders for the new Queen by the end of July, but is otherwise gloomy.

The Chess Board

No. 602. Prophecy confounded

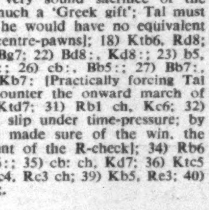
Even though I was prudent enough not to rush into print about it, I had better admit that, before the start of the match, I was rash enough to offer 2:1 on Tal retaining the title (and lucky enough to find no taker). One more reason to praise Botvinnik's astonishing feat of regaining the title a second time, and against a man half his age too. Never was victory better deserved, but as for the loser I will venture again on the hazards of prophecy. I think he will grasp either his next or his next but one opportunity of regaining the title. He would then be just about 30. Hence, I wouldn't consider the English edition of *J. Hajtun's* book untimely – *Selected games of Mikhail Tal*, publ. by *Pitman* at 20s. – even though it appeared just as the hero was about to step off Caissa's fiercely contested throne. It is useful to have those 64 well selected games, most of them lucidly annotated and with appetite-whetting prefatory notes.

Now as for the recent match, let's look at the fourth game, significant in several ways. Clever manoeuvring in the (transpositional) opening; Botvinnik egging on his impetuous opponent; and finally a tactical finesse saving Tal's seemingly hopeless game.

1) e4, c6; 2) d4, d5; 3) e5, c5 [Botvinnik tranposes into his familiar French defence and he doesn't worry about the wasted tempo; the less so since, with his KP still at home, he has . . . Bg4 available against White's normal build-up in the closed variations of the French]; 4) dc: [exactly what Botvinnik wished to provoke, so as to nurse his ever more prosperous centre], e6; 5) Ktc3, Ktc6, 6) Bf4, Kt(g)e7! [Botvinnik avoids . . . Bc5: so as not to give Tal the chance of Qg4]; 7) Ktf3, Ktg6; 8) Be3 [Tal gives up his KP so as to improve his counter-chances on the Q-wing, but that was exactly what Botvinnik has bargained for], Kt(g)e5:; 9) Kte5:, Kte5:; 10) Qh5 [Bronstein disapproves of this move; he thinks Qd4 is White's best chance], Ktc6; 11) 0-0-0, Be7 [he couldn't very well play . . . d4 on account of Bb5]; 12) f4, g6; 13) Qh6, Bf8; 14) Qg5 [Not so good because the Q-swop helps Black to strengthen his centre], Qg5:; 15) fg:, a6 [Botvinnik doesn't fancy Tal's Knight on b5]; 16) Kta4!, Bd7; 17) Bf4, h6! [going in for a very sound sacrifice of the exchange which turns out very much a 'Greek gift'; Tal must accept it willynilly as otherwise he would have no equivalent at all against Black's menacing centre-pawns]; 18) Ktb6, Rd8; 19) Bc7, hg; 20) c4, d4; 21) b4, Bg7; 22) Bd8:, Kd8:; 23) b5, Ktb8; 24) Be2, f5; 25) Bf3, ab:; 26) cb:, Bb5:; 27) Bb7:, Kc7; 28) a4, Ba4:; 29) Kta4:, Kb7: [Practically forcing Tal to conjure up some attack to counter the onward march of those centre-pawns]; 30) Kd2, Ktd7; 31) Rb1 ch, Kc6; 32) R(h)c1, Be5; 33) Kd3, Ra8? [A slip under time-pressure; by . . . Bc7 Botvinnik could have made sure of the win, the Black QP being taboo on account of the R-check]; 34) Rb6 ch! [Tal seizes his chance], Ktb6:; 35) cb: ch, Kd7; 36) Ktc5 ch, Ke7; 37) Re1, Ra3 ch; 38) Kc4, Rc3 ch; 39) Kb5, Re3; 40) Ra1!, Bh2:; 41) Ra7 ch, Kf8!;.

This was the sealed move and the only one since . . . Kf6? would have lost after 42) Rh7, threatening the B as well as mate. As it happened a draw was agreed since after 42) Rh7, Bf4; 43) b7, d3; 44) Ktd7 ch White can enforce perpetual check.

A: Mikhail Tal 1959



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced the win very neatly. **B** (a win) should be a bargain for 6-ladder-points thanks to my useful hint that what matters is to put some roadblocks in the way of the Black King. **C** (for 7) is a draw, and an altogether delightful study. Usual prizes. Entries by 5 June.

B: A. A. Troitzky 1913: /8/2pp2pp/8/2PP1P2/1p5k/8/PP4p1/6K1/.

C: E. N. Somov 1927: /8/3kt4/P4P2/4p3/K1p5/8/2k4b/8/.

REPORT on No. 599. Set 5 May

A: 1) Rd7!!,Bd7:; 2) Qd6 ch,Re7; 3) Qh ch,Ke8; 4) Rg8 mate.

B: 1) e6!,fe:; 2) Kc6!,a6; 3) Rh8 ch,Ka7; 4) Rh7 ch,Ka8; 5) Kb6,Rb5 ch; 6) Ka6:,Rb8; 7) Ra7 mate.

C: 1) Ktc7,Bf7:(forced); 2) Kte8:!(Bf7:?),Bh5:; 3) Ktg7, Bf7; 4) e6!,Be6:; 5) Kte6: ch,Kb3; 6) Ktd4 ch,Ka3; 7) Ktc2 ch,Kb3; 8) Kta1 ch,Ka3; 9) Bb2 ch etc.

Many stumped by **B** and/or **C**; prizes: G. Abrahams, D. E. Cohen, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

ASSIAC

COMPANY MEETING

CADBURY BROTHERS LIMITED

TOTAL SALES OF NEARLY £87m.

Mr. Paul S. Cadbury on Overseas Expansion

The 62nd annual general meeting of Cadbury Brothers Limited will be held on 12th June 1961 at Bournville, Birmingham.

The following is an extract from a statement by the Chairman, Mr Paul S. Cadbury, which has been circulated with the report and accounts:

For fifty-two years we have been buying cocoa in West Africa. In the early years both the scope of our operations and the size of the whole cocoa industry were small. In 1960-61 season the crop was an all time record. In Ghana alone the total crop is estimated at 430,000 tons, worth £80,000,000 on the world market. The amount bought by the Cadbury Fry Agency on behalf of the Cocoa Marketing Board was 61,000 tons and was also a record.

This is the last season, however, in which we shall be buying cocoa directly from Ghanaian farmers. Since the formation of the Cocoa Marketing Board during the war, we have only been able to buy cocoa as licensed buyers for the Marketing Board. Our factories have had to buy from the Board for their own requirements, and thus only a small proportion of the cocoa handled by our Buyers in Ghana has in fact been secured for our own use. The changes, therefore, are unlikely to make much difference to us. In spite of this we regret the severance of what has been a long and happy association.

The presence of our buying agency has undoubtedly improved the standard and quality of cocoa produced on the Coast, and this in turn has contributed to the prosperity of West Africa.

In referring to the experience of the cocoa market since the period 1957-58, the chairman continued: In only three years a serious world shortage has become a substantial surplus. In 1957-58 the spot price ranged between £272 and £407 per ton and today the spot price is about £180 per ton.

Our own operations are naturally affected by these violent fluctuations. We dislike high prices, as they reduce the value we can offer to our customers, but a steep fall in prices carries its own problems. The scale of our operations is so large that even though by holding large stocks we avoid the peaks, we cannot always wait for the valleys. We have again followed our usual practice of writing down the value of our stock to its market value.

TRADING EXPERIENCE, HOME AND EXPORT

Our group sales increased from £85,000,000 in 1959 to £86,700,000 in 1960. Sales on the home market were only slightly up, which in view of a cooler summer was disappointing. On the other hand export sales showed an encouraging increase of 10%. This was shared by our two chief dollar markets, U.S.A. and Canada, and by our general exports to other parts of the world. Total sales of Cadbury products to these dollar markets were over 4,890,000 dollars.

Overseas Factories: In Australia, New Zealand and Ireland our companies have all had a successful year's activity. In every case sales have increased and profits are satisfactory. Trading conditions in both South Africa and Canada have been difficult. Our operations in India are severely limited by the restrictions imposed on the importation of both machinery and raw cocoa. Nevertheless we have had a good year and sales have increased.

Since the war our trade in Western Germany has steadily increased. When it became clear to us in 1954 that exports must soon come to an end, we appointed a German manufacturer, the Hanseaten – Schokoladen – Werke, as agents, to manufacture our goods locally in Western Germany. By last year more than threequarters of the output of the Hanseaten-Werke factory consisted of Cadbury goods, mostly block chocolate. Our Firm has now formed a company, registered in Germany in the name of Cadbury-Fry G.m.b.H., which has taken over the whole of the Hanseaten-Werke firm and factory in Bremen, as well as the firm and organisation of Max Schierbeck in Hamburg who from the outset have handled the sales of our German business.

The combined sales of our overseas companies now exceed £17,800,000.

J. S. Fry and Sons: Fry's sales, home and export, at £12,200,000 are a record for the company and represent an increasingly important part of our group turnover.

Factory Development: A large new manufacturing block was completed at the Fry Somerdale factory during the year and a start was made on the further developments at the Moreton Cadbury biscuit factory. At Bournville work on the first of the three phases of redevelopment started at the end of the year.

RESULTS

In 1959 results were affected by a large writing down in the value of our stocks of cocoa. As I forecast a year ago, we recovered a large part of this during 1960. In spite of some further writing down at the end of the year the consolidated net profits are £4,954,431. Of this £3,000,000 has been transferred to Revenue Reserve and will be available to meet the commitments of the Company for the future including the establishment of our German Company and the provision of new buildings at Bournville and Moreton.

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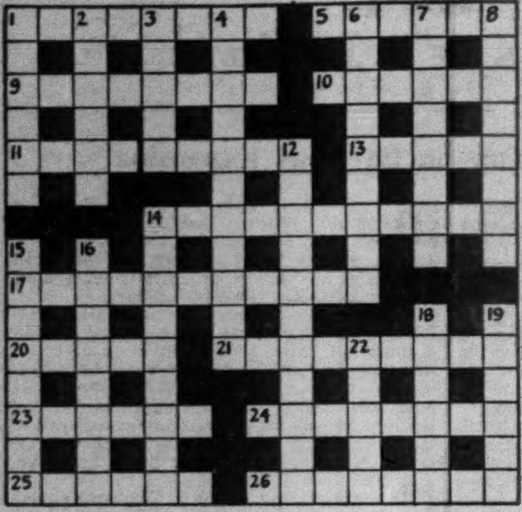
Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 459, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 6 June.



ACROSS

1. William's minister makes the foot beat the poet (8).
5. Good speed for the wicked sailor (6).
9. 'My precious Lily! My —— kitten!' (Carroll) (8).
10. Match colour in layers (6).
11. Poor period for the novel (4, 5).
13. Compete in ten terrific races (5).
14. Charm which makes a people follow most of a political evil (11).
17. Homeliness and its reverse in a cathedral town (11).
20. Before fifty a genius is in danger (5).
21. Void and without me curiously unfilled (9).
23. What is able to keep the wheels turning? (6).
24. Time for a calm sea? (8).
25. Designates manners (6).
26. Shopkeepers who have most of their learning in their hands (8).

DOWN

1. Panic of a king in battle (6).
2. Electricity generated when mother and father face each other (6).
3. Cap in which the scribe returns (5).
4. About time there is a pardon, although a possibility of getting in again (11).
6. Route for one with a small following including few climbers (9).
7. Place of departure which gives publicity to the journey (8).
8. Tolerant as the upper circle after the finale (8).
12. Means whereby alcohol can help the bricklayer (11).
14. There are many shots as a rigged duel fails (9).
15. Pieces of equipment appropriate in remaking roads (8).
16. The politician holds everything to be outside the domain of ethics (8).
18. Good holes for birds (6).
19. Snakes which finish off their game companions (6).
22. Victor beheaded and shot (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 457

C	O	C	K	S	U	R	E	■	S	T	A	T	I	C
A	■	L	■	T	■	E	■	■	■	R	■	A	■	O
S	T	I	R	R	I	N	G	■	B	U	R	D	E	N
U	■	M	■	A	■	T	■	R	■	M	■	P	■	V
A	L	B	A	N	I	A	■	I	M	P	L	O	R	E
L	■	S	■	G	■	N	■	D	■	E	■	L	■	R
■	■	■	H	E	A	D	M	I	S	T	R	E	S	S
H	■	S	■	■	■	R	■	N	■	■	■	S	■	E
O	B	T	U	S	E	A	N	G	L	E	S	■	■	■
M	■	R	■	T	■	T	■	H	■	P	■	S	■	L
E	R	A	S	U	R	E	■	A	P	O	S	T	L	E
S	■	I	■	D	■	S	■	B	■	C	■	R	■	V
P	U	N	T	E	R	■	W	I	S	H	B	O	N	E
U	■	E	■	N	■	■	■	T	■	A	■	D	■	R
N	U	D	I	T	Y	■	P	S	A	L	T	E	R	S

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PERSONAL

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WELFARE OFFICER

required for Central Personnel Department of Group of Companies.

The post, which is in the West London area, is suitable for a woman of 21/30 years and carries a starting salary in the range £700-£900 p.a.

Applicants should preferably have completed the IPM training or have experience in a Personnel Department. Apply, giving age, experience and qualifications to Box 3202.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON PROBATION SERVICE

Applications invited from men and women over age 28 for appointment in October as probation officers in Metropolitan Magistrates' Courts area. Social work or other relevant experience essential; social science or other university qualification an advantage. Salary £845 a year at 28, £875 at age 29 or over rising by annual increments to £1,070. Training given during the first year of service. Further particulars and application form from Probation Division, (Room 432(L)), Home Office, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle Street, London, SW1. Last day for applications – 12 June 1961.

ENGINEERING CONSUMER GOODS

Council of Industrial Design

An Industrial Liaison Officer is required by the CoID for domestic and other consumer products manufactured by the engineering industries. The essential qualifications are a good general education, a full-time training in industrial design and experience in the design of domestic consumer goods with an engineering and electrical basis. The age limits are 28-45. The starting salary will be according to qualifications and experience in the scale £1,070-£1,410, or £1,435-£1,820. There is 4½ weeks' holiday and a pension scheme. Further particulars and an application form are obtainable from the Establishment Officer (quoting No. 143), CoID, 28 Haymarket, London, SW1.

CITY AND COUNTY OF NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

WELFARE DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited for the appointment of DEPUTY CHIEF WELFARE OFFICER (re-advertised) Grade APT IV., £1,140-£1,310.

The person appointed will be required to assist the Chief Welfare Officer in carrying out the functions of the Council under the National Assistance Act, 1948, possess organising ability and considerable administrative and essentially practical experience in such welfare work.

Applications with age, qualifications, present post and salary, details of experience and names and addresses of two referees, to Chief Welfare Officer, 127 Pilgrim Street, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, by 9 June 1961.

JOHN ATKINSON
Town Clerk.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM CHILD CARE OFFICERS

Applications are invited from men and women for the post of CHILD CARE OFFICER. Degree, social science qualification, or Child Care Officer's Certificate required. Applications considered now from candidates who will finish training this year.

Salary on special scale £665-£975 p.a. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience.

Further details from Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham, 3. PO Box 93. Closing date for applications – 9 June 1961.

RAMPTON HOSPITAL, RETFORD, NOTTS

(Special Hospital for Mentally Subnormal Patients).

WHOLETIME SENIOR CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST. Considerable scope for research. Close association with University of Sheffield (Department of Psychology), with facilities to register for Ph.D. Further information from Medical Superintendent. Modern house or quarters available.

NHS Conditions and Superannuation applicable.

Salary: £1,025-£1,425 plus £65 allowance.

Candidates may visit hospital by appointment. Applications, giving full particulars of qualifications and experience and naming three referees, to Medical Superintendent not later than 12 June 1961.

BRISTOL COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE (INC.)

Applications are invited for the post of SUPERVISOR OF STUDENT TRAINING. The Department accepts students from University Social Studies Courses and Generic Courses as well as from the Home Office and the Institute of Almoners. Applicants should have a professional Casework qualification and experience in supervision. Salary £1,000 per annum or according to experience. The appointment is until October 1963 in the first instance.

Particulars from the General Secretary, Bristol Council of Social Service, 9 Elmdale Road, Bristol, 8.

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a motion picture bursting with life!!

"**PLAYED MAGNIFICENTLY BY SIDNEY POITIER**"

Donald Edgar—London Evening Standard

"**It's a great moment in the cinema**

. . . a fine film, a brave, beautiful and dignified film.

Sidney Poitier . . . is magnificent.

Claudia McNeil . . . leaves a tremendous impression.

I found it moving, full of accurate observation of life and often extremely funny . . . I hope you will see it . . ."

Felix Barker—London Evening News

"**I WAS THERE CHEERING**"

Eve Perrick—Daily Mail

"**First Rate Entertainment**"

Maurice Speed—What's On in London

"**A VERY FINE FILM**"

Harold Fielding—Daily Herald

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

SIDNEY POITIER

a raisin in the sun 'A'

SPECIAL AWARD CANNES FILM FESTIVAL FOR FILM 'WITH MOST HUMANITARIAN VALUES'.

with CLAUDIA McNEIL · RUBY DEE

Screenplay by LORRAINE HANSBERRY from her play
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SHAFTESBURY AVENUE · LONDON W·1 REGent 5414

DAILY AT 1.00, 3.25, 5.55, 8.25. Sundays at 4.30, 7.10. Extra late show Sats. at 11.20 p.m.

Applications are invited by the LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL for appointment as CHIEF OFFICER OF SUPPLIES at an annual salary of £4,750 to be head of the Supplies Department with functions embracing the central buying, storage and distribution of supplies for all the Council's services; the related contracts, establishment and finance work; printing and other general services; motor vehicle depots and workshops; and co-ordination of transport services.

Particulars and application form (to be returned by 12 June 1961) obtainable from Clerk of the Council, (G/1A), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, SE1.

Canvassing disqualifies.

THE NATIONAL HOSPITALS FOR NERVOUS DISEASES

Applications are invited for the post of Clinical Psychologist to assist the Consultant Psychologist at the Maida Vale Hospital for Nervous Diseases. An Honours degree in Psychology is essential and an interest in physiological psychology desirable. The post is suitable for candidates with previous clinical experience who are interested in neurological work, but a training appointment for a recently graduated candidate will also be considered..

In the case of a successful applicant with previous experience the seniority of the post will depend on qualifications and experience. Salary and conditions of service will conform with Whitley Council agreements. A junior appointment would be for one year in the first instance.

Applications in writing giving the names of two referees should be sent to The Secretary, The National Hospital, Queen Square, London, WC1.

WILTSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL CHILDREN

Applications invited from qualified persons preferably holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care for one post of man and three women Child Care Officers. Salary within the scale, £665 to £975.

Application forms from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 19 June 1961.

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS),
Principal

THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY,
RICKMANSWORTH AND
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA,

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

INTERVIEWING THE PUBLIC

Are you interested in becoming an interviewer? Then why not work for a really progressive firm using the most modern and interesting methods?

We are looking for women with a good standard of education, aged between 25 and 45 who have three or more days a week to spare. Replies to Box 3163.

VACATION WORK IN LONDON

(Shorthand-Typists & Typists)

Interesting jobs: Any period. Good pay.

Apply now:

NORA JEFFERIES BUREAU LTD,
89 FLEET ST, LONDON, EC4.
FLE. 5919.

STELLA FISHER in the STRAND

During the summer months, a number of housewives and 'mums' as well as students, undergrads and teachers take a few weeks casual work through us. For interviews please contact

STELLA FISHER BUREAU,
436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.
Licensed Annually by LCC. Member of Employment Agents' Federation.

EXPERIENCED proof-reader, male or female, required for office near Westminster. This post will suit someone interested in music & records. Apply Box 3265

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Chair of Philosophy. Applications are invited for the Chair of Philosophy, which will become vacant on the retirement of Professor Anschutz on 31 January 1962. The salary attaching to the position is £2,800 per annum. Travel and other removal expenses are allowed within specified limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 3 July 1961.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Russian Studies. Candidates should have special interests and qualifications in Russian Literature. Salary scale £800 to £950 per annum, with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 17 June 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for a post at the grade of Assistant Lecturer in Economics in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Salary scale £800 x £50 to £950 per annum; membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 17 June 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

ASSISTANT Director of Examinations (History). Pensionable post in the Civil Service Commission, London, for graduate (man or woman), preferably with first class honours, in History or in History with another subject. Experience of school or university teaching desirable; experience of examining, interviewing, or administration an advantage. Duties include discussion and preparation of examination papers from GCE to final honours level, interviewing, and administrative work concerned with recruitment. Selection by interview. Starting salary according to experience and present salary on scale £1,251 (age 28) – £2,306. Teaching service may be aggregated with civil service for superannuation purposes. FSSU may count as qualifying service. Promotion possibilities within the Commission or to the Administrative Class. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, W1, for application form, quoting 5315/61. Closing date 12 June 1961.

ASSISTANT Governors (Men): Prison and Borstal Service. About 22 pensionable posts for men at least 21 on 1.3.61 with good general education, who can fill responsible positions and are genuinely interested in reformative work with boys and men. National starting salary £926 (at 25 or under) to £1,082 (30 or over), rising to £1,212. Free accommodation or allowance in lieu (up to £150). Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gdns, London, W1, for application form, quoting 166/61. Closing date 20 June 1961.

LONDON County Council. Applications invited from persons with experience and qualifications in art for appointment as Personal Assistant to the Principal of new School of Art in Chelsea, Manresa Road, SW3. Soon to incorporate the Schools of Art now in Chelsea College of Science and Technology and The Polytechnic, Regent Street. £960 x £40 – £1,200; commencing above minimum where appropriate. Forms with further details, from Education Officer (Estab.2/N/1430/5), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 13 June.

BIOCHEMIST required at Clare Hall Hospital, South Mimms, Barnet, Herts. (334 beds for diseases of the chest). The work will be mainly concerned with respiratory physiology and pathology. Candidates should hold a science degree of a University of England, Wales, Scotland or Ireland, or the Associateship or Graduate Membership of the Royal Institute of Chemistry, or qualification approved by the Minister of Health. There is a probationary period of at least 2 years for this grade on salary scale £650 x £25(2) – £700 x £30(4) – £820 x £35(3) – £925: Thereafter £925 – £1,150 (London Weighting payable). New entrants with a 1st or 2nd class Honours Degree or the Associateship or Graduate Membership of the RIC will enter at £730, other entrants at £650. Applications to the Medical Director.

WOOLWICH Council of Social Service require (1) Citizen's Advice Bureau Organiser, full-time, commencing salary £600 p.a. (2) Case Worker, part-time, salary £340 p.a. Applicants in either case should possess social science diploma or have had some experience of relevant social work. Apply in writing, within seven days of this advert. to Secy, 71 Rectory Place, SE18.

NCSS invites applications for post of part-time organiser for 1-2 year experiment in day care of old people. Central London. Write for further details to LCSS, 4 Gower Street, WC1. Closing date for applications 14 June.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

CHILD WELFARE OFFICERS required – men and women suitably qualified and with field experience of work with deprived children and their families, including married women formerly engaged in related social work and now seeking re-employment. In addition a panel is being formed of persons, particularly married women, who may in future be re-employed on a part-time basis. Possession of HO certificate in Child Care or certificate in Applied Social Studies an advantage. A considerable amount of travelling is involved. £740-£1,060, according to qualifications and experience, (proportionately for part-time staff according to hours worked each week). For all full-time officers there are good opportunities for promotion to positions carrying salary scale £940-£1,300.

Form and details from Children's Officer (E.1/N/1217/5a), LCC, County Hall, London, SE1.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

HOUSEFATHER: WOOD VALE, NORWOOD, SE27

HOUSEFATHER, class 1, required for this large children's home accommodating children deprived of a normal home life. The main duties will include assisting in organising and developing the home life of a 'house' of 36 boys. This post offers considerable scope for a man with initiative interested in outdoor activities. Previous experience essential. Salary £630-£675 (under review), less £138 for single accommodation, lodging and laundry. Annual leave 4 weeks including Bank Holidays.

Apply to the Children's Officer, (SDO/N/1153/5), The County Hall, SE1.

HOUSEFATHER:

MILE OAK APPROVED SCHOOL

This approved school for 80 boys has been organised into three houses and a Housefather, Class I is required. The main duties include relieving and assisting the housemasters in organising and developing the home life of the boys. The post provides an excellent opportunity of gaining experience in approved school work and offers good prospects for a man with initiative and understanding of young boys' problems. Previous experience and/or Home Office Residential Child Care Certificate essential. £630-£675 (under review) plus £30 for Home Office Certificate, less £138 for board, lodging and laundry.

Apply to the Children's Officer, (SDO/N/1164/5), London County Council, County Hall, SE1.

RHODES University. Grahamstown, South Africa. Lecturer in English. Applications are invited for the abovementioned post, from January 1962. The salary scale is R2,340 x R120 – R3,300 (£1,170 x 60 – £1,650) per annum. A vacations savings bonus, as in the Public Service, is also payable. Previous experience and qualifications may be taken into account in determining the commencing salary. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 30 June 1961.

ST PANCRAS Borough Council. Appointment of Librarian. A vacancy exists for a Senior Assistant in the Public Libraries Department – APT Grade I – £645-£815 plus London weighting allowance. Applications invited from persons having passed at least one Part of Registration Exam. of Library, Assn and having thorough knowledge of all routine duties and experience of modern library methods and activities. St Pancras has a building programme which includes a Central Library and four branch libraries. Applicants must disclose if related to any member or senior officer of the Council. Canvassing disqualifies. Applicns by letter with names of three referees by 31 May. R. C. E. Austin, Town Clerk. St Pancras Town Hall, Euston Road, London, NW1.

ADULT Education Organiser wanted to assist with Adult Classes – Social Studies – Consumer Problems – Music and Drama. (Nearly 100 courses with WEA and LEA, etc.). Also interesting experiments – e.g. TV Group Viewing. Area – S. Greater London. Salary £750 – 900 (according to qualifications and experience) plus bonus. Transport provided. Details and application forms from RACS Education Dept, 15 Park Vista, SE10.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes, Devon. (Co-educational Boarding School). Required in September or immediately, Assistant Housemother, temporary or permanent, to help with house duties in a boarding house of 35 boys and girls aged 13 to 18. The post is suitable for students or others wishing to gain experience with adolescents. Salary £200 per annum plus residence. Apply with full details to the Joint Principals.

THE Royal Institute of British Architects have a vacancy for a Research Assistant in the Economic Research Department. A young graduate in statistics or economics or other social science with statistics as a main subject, is required, to work on a series of enquiries relating to the architectural profession and the building industry. Some experience of research work desirable but not essential. Salary in the range £700 x 50 – £1,250. Further information and form of application from the Secretary, RIBA, 66 Portland Place, London, W1.

A NUMBER of vacancies exist in the Market Research Department of a leading London advertising agency for Assistant Research Executive trainees. The work of the department consists mainly of planning and organising sample surveys of the general public, and of interpreting the results of these surveys to management and other departments in the agency. Selected candidates will in the first instance assist Research Executives by whom they will be trained in the techniques of market research. It is expected that Assistant Executives will eventually assume full executive responsibility for market research on a group of the agency's accounts. Applicants should possess a first or second class Hons degree in one of the arts, social sciences, or mathematics. Starting salary will be between £650 and £750 p.a., depending upon qualifications. Application forms can be obtained from the Staff Manager, Box 3169.

CITIZENS' Advice Bureau Service in Central London. Social workers needed with suitable experience and qualifications for work in the Family Welfare Association's CAB service. Vacancies likely to arise in South London. Training provided during which salary paid. When trained salary £525 x £25 to £675 p.a. Scale up to £800 p.a. for posts of special responsibility. Apply in writing to the CAB Liaison Officer, FWA, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

EXPANDING community near Sevenoaks, established ten years, seek mature and capable person, age 22-35 to help care for group of 15 children. Possibility of accommodation for own child. Should be willing to work in other departments of organisation. Training as nursery nurse or children's club worker prefd. Exper. in teaching, nursing or social work an advantage. Write: Secretary, St Julians, Sevenoaks, Kent.

LADY required in London office to assist Personnel Administrator of the Field department of Market Research Statisticians. The appointment is progressive and early promotion probable, suitable to the career girl over 25 years. Starting salary £500 p.a. Reply giving age and experience (if any) to Box 3241.

SOCIALIST Youth and Student Hostel in Paddington requires part-time warden with small salary and single accommodation. Youth Hostel experience desirable, membership democratic socialist movement essential. Further particulars from Secretary, ICSYH Ltd, 8 Gayfere Street, SW1.

MANAGING Editor of small Anglo-American publishing firm requires secretary. Applications to Box 3221.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECOND chance for women over 20 – education, for personal development, purposeful leisure, responsible employment. One-year residential course: English Language and Literature, Economics, History, Psychology, Social Studies. No examinations, but suitable students enabled to train afterwards for teaching, social work, etc. Recognised by Ministry of Education. Grants available. Apply immediately, Sec., (NS), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

INTELLIGENT, methodical girl required to look after technical library in Architects' office in South Kensington. Able to type. Please write: Box 3242.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower Street, WC1) requires secretary/shorthand-typist with experience for central administrative office. Hours 10-4. Prepared to consider married woman without children. Good holidays. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

EXPERIENCED Personal Secretary (female) required for a Senior Liberal Jewish Minister. 5-day week, congenial conditions. Apply Secretary, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8. CUN. 5181.

EMBASSY requires secretary with English degree. Mina Ash Bureau, 19 Conduit Street, W1. HYD. 1738/9.

PERSONAL Secretary needed take significant part in psychological/social rehabilitation work and especially to help pioneer proposing write its story. Preferably single man capable shorthand-typing. £400 p.a. on top board/lodging. Box 3229.

SECRETARY required for Senior Trade Union Official. Good English and first-class shorthand/typing essential; experience in committee procedure including taking and drafting of minutes most desirable. Minimum commencing salary plus Cost of Living allowance approx. £13 p.w. on an incremental scale. 35 hr, 5-day week. Good holidays, generous pension scheme. Apply: The National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen Street, Westminster, SW1.

PORTMAN Bureau offers top sals to temp. sec.-s/ts & c/ts, also wide variety perm. posts. 78 George St, W1. HUNter 0677.

PERSONAL Secretary, part-time, to Research Director. General secretarial duties are involved, but must be able to type chemical reports, abstracts, etc. accurately; shorthand desirable. The work is largely based on a College (EC1) and Head Office (SW1), but exact working arrangements would be subject to discussion. Proposed conditions (but also by arrangement) are: working week of 20 hours; salary of £300-£350. Box 3216.

A GENUINE selection of attractive office posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SHORTHAND Typists and Copy Typists required for Trade Union Head Office. Commencing salary up to £624 per annum according to age and experience, 35-hour five day week. Superannuation scheme. Holidays honoured this year. Apply: Secretary, National Union of Tailors & Garment Workers, 41 Portman Square, London, W1. WELbeck 1653.

SECRET of a Successful Holiday – that extra money earned from a temporary job with Winifred Johnson Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next door to Gamages). HOLborn 0390.

DOCTOR requires help home/consulting room mid-June to end July, live-in, might suit student. No small children. Very reasonable time off. Joffe, 49 Crediton Hill, London, NW6.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

HAVE typewriter – will travel! Intelligent, adventurous young woman (25) seeks opportunity to work in Spain. Five years experience reporting, two Advertising Manager weekly newspaper, also experience as secretary/personal assistant, knowledge of printing trade. Present knowledge of Spanish only moderate, but will be greatly improved by proposed month's stay at language school in Spain and contact with Spaniards. Own typewriter and camera; driving licence. Above fields preferred, but used to working on own initiative and any suggestions welcome. Box 3192.

COMPOSITOR/typographer, 33, frustrated by lack of interview technique has stagnated for seven years, seeks position where writing ability an asset. Box 3175.

PROSPECTIVE student (male, 19) sks job Europe end July-1 Oct. Fluent German, French, Dutch. Some teachg exp. Box 3092.

FRENCH girl, English-speaking, would like post 15 June-15 July, pref. intellectual, library or bookshop. Preferably SW London. Offers: Box 3235.

FOOD AND DRINK

FOR the Epicure – 'Captain Garry' Special Quality Scotch Whisky is now available (in restricted supply), at 45s. per bottle or £24 per case, carriage paid, only from Cockburn & Murray (estd 1863), 21 Castle St, Edinburgh. Cash w. order please.

REMOVALS & EXPORT PACKING

PACKING, Shipping and Household Removals. Estimates free. Bonners, Welling, Kent. Dial BEXleyheath 5751.

COURSES etc.—contd from p.856

THE University of Manchester. The University of Manchester will introduce in October 1961 a one year course leading to a Diploma in Youth Work. The course is designed for graduates, but applications may, in exceptional circumstances, be considered from others with good educational qualifications and practical experience of work with young people. Applications are invited from students wishing to take this course. Further details can be obtained from the Registrar, University of Manchester, Manchester, 13. All applications must be received before 17 June 1961.

LANGUAGES. Holborn College of Law, Languages & Commerce, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Intensive 1 yr full-time courses in (a) Spanish, French and Russian, (b) Russian. Part-time courses in 26 languages, including French and German technical translation, French for Interpreters, Chinese and Russian for scientists and technologists. Portuguese for business personnel. Swahili, Yoruba, Arabic, Hindi, Japanese and Chinese. Intensive 3-evening a week courses in the main European languages. Audio-Visual French course. Details from the Secretary, (EO/N/1451/5), Holborn College, Princeton Street, WC1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals' Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons. Beginners to Advanced; all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre) (TRA. 2044).

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas, General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). Moderate fees. Prospectus post free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANSDOWNE Secretarial Centre. Enrolments are now being taken at this new secretarial training centre, opening in September, which offers new courses and a new individual approach to learning. Courses for beginners of all ages include: Shorthand/Clerical typist; Secretary – general and specialist for the professions; a Finishing School Course. For those with some previous experience: Refresher Course, Promotion Course, Office Supervisors Course. Syllabuses provide for tuition in: speedhand/shorthand or stenotyping; typing, audio-typing; office procedure and clerical method, elementary statistics, languages. Details from 94 Mount St, Mayfair, London, W1.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

A BETTER chance for your child. With GCE behind him, your child has the world before him. Make sure of success with a Mayflower Postal Course; single subjects or complete syllabus. Qual. teachers; low fees. Details free from Mayflower College, Dept N17, Masons Avenue, Croydon.

PRIVATE Tuition (Shorthand/Typing). Mabel Eyles Tel. ENTerprise 3324

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786

BIBLE Study: Correspondence Course. Free on application to: Miss K. Walford, 37 Edith St, West Bromwich.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

LANDSCAPE Painting in Suffolk. Holiday classes for advanced students and beginners. Professional tuition. Send for prospectus. Box 3014.

SCIENTISTS and scholars of many nations lecture in Esperanto in the International Summer University. British Esperanto Assn, 140 Holland Park Avenue, W11.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—contd

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 8 May to 15 Sept. 1961. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

DE LEON Drama Summer School. Patrons Kenneth Tynan, Peter Brook. 1-12 Aug. at Richmond Institute of Further Educ. Write 254b Kew Rd, Richmond, Sy.

HOLIDAY Drama Schools. Several 7-day Courses. One Evening Course. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, & Studio Theatre, Kensington. Director: Marian Naylor. £9 9s. & £6 6s. Syllabus: Mrs W. Patterson, 6 Lonsdale Road, Barnes, SW13. Tel. WIM. 2161.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

SPRING HOLIDAYS
Book now for a holiday in June or early July.
4 June: Lake Garda & Venice.
10 or 24 June: House Party in Italy or Switzerland.
11 or 25 June: Costa Brava or Italian Adriatic.
17 June: Archaeology Tour to the Dordogne.
18 June: Flower Party in Switzerland.
ERNA LOW
47(ns) Old Brompton Rd, London, SW7.
Tel.: KEN. 0911, 8881/4.

TURKEY Tour, camping, 28 July-27 August. Cost £47 10s. (without food). E. M. Wheeler, 4 Hill Road, Ldn, NW8.

FLORENCE: young villa party. Free wine, fare, full pension 29 gns 15 days. Tel. HOL. 1269 evening or Box 3156.

BANDOL. S. France. Charm. villa, b. & b. from 12s. 6d. 10 yds sea. Full August. Brochure. Box 3195.

SCILLY Islands. Wanted, 2-3 persons to share modern flat 16-30 Sept. Box 3199.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet 'Better Holidays', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

BEFORE booking your holiday for this Summer (any period from 14 June to 9 September) send a card to Instituto de Lenguas Modernas (NN), Apartado 244, Granada, Spain, asking about their International Holiday Courses – the most wonderful of holidays, with fiestas and flamenco, Spanish language, painting, sculpture and music, gypsies to sing and dance, and guitars at night. All ages. Olé!

WHERE TO STAY

COTSWOLDS. Guests welcomed in simple country house in lovely Slad valley. 7/8 gns weekly. Mrs Collier, 'Steanbridge', near Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2093.

MIDHURST District. A charming old Manor house standing in 4 acres off the beaten track, all our own produce, billiards, croquet, putting, licensed bar, an ideal spot for a quiet holiday. Southdowns Hotel, Trotton, Nr Petersfield, Rogate 93.

WEST Cornwall. In fishing village. 7 gns weekly. Food home-cooked. Own boat. Lambourn, Mousehole. Tel. Mousehole 236.

ENJOY the sea and lovely Wicklow hills in Georgian guest house within easy reach Dublin. Modern comforts. Own farm produce. Poss. golf, riding. Count Tolstoy, Easton House, Delgany, Co. Wicklow.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse. Beautiful & remote position Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Mod. comfort, good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 7-8 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 566.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch., Mr & Mrs N. Lusby, VCA Mems. Tel. 508.

SUSSEX. Glyndebourne visitors and others welcome 18th Cent. Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rms, b'fast. Tel. 3773.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 426.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted N. S. Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

SOMERSET Orchard Chalet: mod. cons, 14 mls sea. S.a.e. The Firs, W. Chinnock.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Guests welcomed Old Manor, woods, own farm, secluded, near sea. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

VISITORS to London. Comfortable accom. with breakfast. BAY. 1310.

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THE most dependable guide to good eating in Gt Britain is the new edition of 'The Good Food Guide' 1961/62, edited by Raymond Postgate from recommendations by Good Food Club members, published by Cassell, 7s. 6d., from all booksellers. 'Postgate is incorruptible. It is now possible to go round Britain on his back' – John Freeman, 'New Statesman'.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

B/S. & sh. Richmond flat for bus./prof. girl. 2½ gns. Anne Smith, PRI. 2389.

MOTHER (1 child) wishes share her attr. flat, Kensington, with yg woman, child wld be welcome. 6 gns inc. WES. 1842.

NOT luxury flat: large sunny room, glimpse Highbury Fields; elec. cooker, use bath, tel. £2 15s. incl. elec. NOR. 2962.

LARGE and sunny bed/sit. room in quiet household; easy access W'loo, Sth Ken. and Hammersmith. £3 p.wk., breakfast and/or use of kitchen by arrangement. Tel: PUT. 3844 (after 7 p.m.) or Box 3011.

BAYSWATER: charming house to let end July to mid-Sept. 3 bedrms, lux. kitchen, dining-rm etc. Garden, garage. Bendix, TV. 15 gns p.w. BAY. 7279 or write Box 3188.

GIRL to share self-contained flat. Please phone SWI. 5034.

HAMPSTEAD bed-sit., sep. kitchen, June-Sept. 3 gns. Mornings PRI. 2092.

TWO sharing unfurn. flat would like a third (f.). July. £3 3s. p.w. HAM. 9221.

SWISS Cottage: b/s.-rm, lady's flat. Kit., bath, c.h., c.h.w. £4 4s. PRI. 7407.

2 attractive bed-sit.-rooms with cooking facilities and occasional meals in prof. woman's quiet house; lovely garden, easy access town. CRO. 0869.

BLACKHEATH: furn. bed-sit. overlooking Heath, own kitchen, share bathroom. GREenwich 2047.

22ft caravan, 6 berth, fully eqppd. Newgale, Pembs. July, Sept. £8 wkly. Thompson, 38 Westfield La, Kippax, Leeds.

OXFORD, July-October; students wish to let their house as unit or digs to reliable tenants. Write Box 3074.

OXON: quiet modernised furn. cottage. 5 gns p.w. Gatling, Little Tew, Oxon.

FOUR-bedroom house, Dublin suburb (Terenure), fully furn., fine garden. Holiday letting 19 July-5 September. £6 weekly, ideal for family on leave. Box 3206.

COUNTRY cottage, Suffolk, 7 miles from lonely coast. Available June to Sept. Wheeler, 4 Hill Road, NW8.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

WOMAN Civil Servant wants unf. flat, flatlet, room/s. Cen. London. Box 3145.

TEACHER (f.), seeks smallish unfurn. flat, Notting Hill area. Box 3126.

AMIABLE Oxonian, 29, seeks inexpensive furnished or unfurnished flat or small house in or around Putney, Barnes, Roehampton or Kew. Wld share. Box 3184.

3 adults require to rent, large unfurn. flat or small house. No children. Write: K. Brough, 20 Harley Rd, NW3. Phone PRI. 2171 evenings after 6 p.m. or weekends.

YOUNG Indian couple req. furn. flat outside Cen. London. Husb. grad. (Leeds), now with City Acctts. Wife nurse. Box 3183.

JOURNALIST requires two-room unfurnished flat or rooms with facilities near West End Theatres. Eric Johns, 'The Stage', 19 Tavistock Street, WC2.

AUSTRALIAN professional couple need furnished apartment; about 10-12 months. London or near. Box 2976.

TECHNICAL writer with wife, Hi-Fi and cat, seeks unfurn. flat, London. Reasonably central, reasonable rent. Box 3222.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

STREATHAM Common. Spacious s/c. flat, perfect views, 2 beds, lounge, bath, kit., box/work rm. £3,600 to inc. new f. & f. 75 year lease. Box 3288.

SCHOLARSHIPS

LITTLE Abbey School, Newbury, Berks. Two of the Competitive Scholarships tenable at the above school become available in September 1961. Examination in July. Open to boys under nine on 1 June and not already entered for an IAPS School. Full fees 290 gns p.a., scholarship £75 p.a. Full particulars from the Headmaster.

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50s. by surface mail to any address in the world (*25s. for six months.*)
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Covent Garden, WC2.
THE ROYAL BALLET
Last week of season
29 May & 2 June at 7.30 Giselle
31 May & 3 June at 7.30 Le Lac des Cygnes

THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA
30 May at 7.30 Peter Grimes
1 June at 7.0 Boris Godunov
Seats available. Tel. COV: 1066.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8.0, S. 5.0, 8.0. Thur. 2.30. 'Three Posts on the Square'. Mems.

QUESTORS Theatre, EALing 5184. 3-20 June. A Festival of New Plays. 'A Quiet Clap of Thunder' by Peter Philp; 'The Courtyard' by Antony Brown; 'The South African' by Jim Latan. After show discussions led by well-known actors, producers, critics. Evgs. 7.30. Mat. 11 June at 3 p.m. Members.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745, 7.30, Sat. 2.30, 'Altona' by Sartre. Run extended until 27 May.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8, St 5, 8. 'Waiting for Godot'. Uproarious comedy.

TOWER. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30): John Whiting's 'A Penny for a Song' 26, 27 (Mems 28 at 7.0), 31 May, 1, 2, 3 June at 7.30.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'Don Juan' by James Elroy Flecker. 2.30 and 7.30, 27 & 29 May. Adm. free.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. British première Brecht's 'Visions of Simone Machard'. Commencing 2 June.

CONCERTS

ASIAN MUSIC CIRCLE

President: Yehudi Menuhin

(1) Lecture-Recital on Folk Music of India by Mr Ayana Deva Angadi, Director AMC, on Wed. 31 May at 7 p.m. at 38 Russell Sq., WC1. Admission 2s. 6d.

(2) Seminar on Music of Japan and India-Pakistan at 18 Fitzalan Road, N3, Sat. 3 June at 8 p.m. Admission 2s.

(3) Detailed information re. Membership, Main Concerts, & Seminars from the Director, AMC, 18 Fitzalan Road, London, N3. (Tel: FINchley 2934).

MIRIAM STEYN. Violin Recital with Gerald Gover (Piano). Wigmore Hall, Sat. 3 June at 7.30. Works by Senaille, Ireland, Beethoven, Miriam Steyn, Sarasate. 10s., 7s., 4s., from Hall (WEL. 2141) and Ibbs and Tillett Ltd, (WEL. 8418).

RECENT American Recordings – Samuel Barber: 'Concerto for violin and orchestra, Op. 14', Wolfgang Stavonhagen, violinist; Imperial Philharmonic Orchestra; William Strickland, conductor. Charles Ives: 'Symphony No. 2' New York Philharmonic Orchestra; Leonard Bernstein, conductor. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 1 June, 12.30 p.m. Admission free.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Spirit of the Dance' (U). Prog. of dance films.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 28 May: Cocteau's 'Le Testament D'Orphée' (A). From 29 May: Fernandel, Arletty, Michel Simon in 'Fric Frac' (A).

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

SOCIAL & Dance. International Friendship League, Abbey Community Centre, Gt Smith St, Westminster, SW1. Saturday 27 May, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 3s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. Summer pictures by Monet, Renoir, Dufy and many other famous artists; see them at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. Catalogue 2s.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Until 10 June, Exhibition of Lithographs by 27 Soviet Artists from the Leningrad Experimental Graphics Laboratory. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 9.30-1.

ERNEST Barlach 1870-1938: Sculpture and Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 3 June. Mon, Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues, Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. William Scott – Recent Paintings. Until 17 June. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Sergio De Castro paintings and gouaches. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 3 June. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Summer Selection: Boyd, Bratby, Chapman, Coker, Greaves, Piper, Weight, etc. 16 May-20 June.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Henry Israel. 10-5.30. Thurs 10-1. Saturday 10-7.

EARLY English Water-Colours – 57th Annual Exhibition at Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond St.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. From 1 June: Sculptures by Arnould, Paintings by Foujino & Schmer.

PRIMAVERA. English Stoneware by Barbara Wolstencroft and Memorial Exhibition of Textiles by Francoise Lelong. Private View 29 May. Exhibition open from 30 May to 10 June. 149 Sloane Street, SW1.

EMBROIDERERS' Guild 1961 Exhibition of Embroidery. RWS Galleries, 26 Conduit Street, W1. 10-5. Sat. 10-1. Adm. 2s. 6d. Weds & Thurs 10-7 (2s. after 5). 31 May-24 June.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Paintings and Drawings by Nancy Ballantine Dykes.

HAMPSTEAD Watercolours by Arrobus at High Hill Gallery, 4 High St, NW3. 30 May-24 June. 9.30-5.30, Thurs. 9.30-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent paintings Terry Frost opens 1 June. 2 Cork Street, W1.

MOLTON Gallery. Francis Rose: Recent Paintings. 31 May-10 June. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paintings, Isobel Heath, Kenneth Gee, Nina Hosali. 29 May to 17 June 1961. Dly 10-6, Sats 10-1.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. Mediaeval Illuminations and Persian and Indian Miniatures.

UPPER Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor Street, W1. Morris Kestelman: Recent paintings. Until 9 June. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. William Copley – Paintings. Until 1 July. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Mems. free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 10-5, Sats 10-12: Moholy-Nagy: Paintings, Collages: 1914-1946.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1 (HYD. 6195). Jackson Pollock. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Marcoussis. Weekdays 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1 p.m.

COLLECTORS' Gallery, 89 Portobello Rd, W11. Reginald Gray: First London Exhibition. 11-8 daily, including Saturdays.

CONTEMPORARY Yugoslav Paintings & Sculpture. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 28 May. Fri., Sat. 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN MARCH
TO MOSCOW

Appeal from: Boyd Orr, George Macleod, Bertrand Russell. International Team leaves London 4 June for Moscow on March through Europe, calling on countries en route to start disarming unconditionally. Among them 10 Americans who have already walked 4,000 miles from San Francisco via Washington to New York.

PLEASE HELP SUPPORT YOUNG
VOLUNTEERS FROM BRITAIN.
COST £100 PER VOLUNTEER
Contributions to Hugh Brock,
Treasurer,
Peace News, 5 Caledonian Road,
London, N1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. H. Granville Fletcher on 'The UN and the Congo'. Wed. 31 May, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

LONDON NLR – AGM, Mon. 29 May, 8 p.m., Partisan Basement. Stuart Hall on 'The Future of the New Left'. Mems only.

LONDON NLR Club. Mon. 5 June: Culture, Communication and Society; Raymond Williams and Stuart Hampshire. NUR, Euston Road, NW1, at 8 p.m.

'ENGLAND your England' – Orwell's Views 21 years later. The New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, London, W1, at 8 p.m. on Wednesday 31 May.

MAPAM Discussion Group, 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. Saturday, 3 June, 8 p.m. 'The Road to Jewish-Arab Peace', introduced by Prof. Norman Bentwich and Fenner Brockway, MP. All welcome.

USA – A filmed visit to modern America. San Francisco – A filmed tour of the city. (Repeat performance). American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 1 June, 6.30 p.m. and 7.45 p.m. Admission free.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 26 May, 8 p.m. John Lawrence: 'Soviet roots in past'. Fri. 2 June, 8 p.m. Dr A. Stokes (Univ. London): 'Jaroslav, the Wise'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11, Tues. 30 May, 8 p.m. Mrs N. Harley: 'Leonov, Sholokhov' (in Russian). Literary trip to Russia, Moscow, Leningrad (boat, car) 26 Aug.-23 Sept. Few seats left, apply Secretary, PARk 7696.

RUDOLF Steiner Centenary Year – 1861-1961. 'Typical Illnesses of our times and their Diagnosis'. Anxiety Neurosis, by Dr Kirchner-Bockholt (of the Clinic, Arlesheim, Switzerland). 31 May 1961 at 7.30 p.m. at Steiner Hall, 35 Park Road, London, NW1. Admission 2s., students 1s.

COMMUNICATION & Awareness – discussion on man-woman relationship, 28 May, 7.15 p.m. 109 Lancaster Gate, W2. Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—contd

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Professor Gombrich on 'The Case for Primitive Art'. Chairman: Professor Ettlinger. Tuesday, 30 May, 8.15 p.m. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d. Wednesday 31 May. Jazz at 8 p.m. Personal Choice – Doug Dobell. Duke Ellington by Vic Bellerby. Members 1s. 6d. Non-members 2s. 6d. Thursday 1 June at 8.15 p.m. Erno Golfinger will describe the Elephant and Castle Scheme (illustrated). Chairman: Frank West, Deputy Architect LCC. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d.

SHAW Society. 26 May. Professor Stanley Rypins on 'Shaw in his Diaries', National Book League, Albemarle St, W1. 7 p.m.

THOUSANDS of years of war. One Fortnight for Peace. 18 June to 2 July. Inform. from Pacifist Fortnight Campaign, 6 Endsleigh St, London, WC1. EUS. 5501.

AUSTRIAN Club. W. D. Maylor, MA, Historian, will speak (in English) on 'Impressions on a recent Study Tour in Russia', with slides. Sat. 27 May, 7 p.m. Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, WC2. Non-members welc.

SUPPORT San Francisco-Moscow March. Meeting 1 June, Kensington Library, 7.30. Spkrs: American marchers & CND.

URGENT. All South Africans who do not wish to celebrate on 31 May, Republic Day, join the South African Freedom Assocn at its Meeting at Caxton Hall, 7.30 p.m.

'THE Problem of a Tragic Form in American Drama', a lecture by Esther Jackson, Professor of English, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wednesday, 31 May, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

AVOID disappointment: book now for England's largest-ever Poetry & Jazz Reading. Spike Milligan, L. Pasternak Slater, Laurie Lee, Dannie Abse, Jeremy Robson, Jon Silkin, Adrian Mitchell, Pete Brown and Dick Heckstall-Smith. Royal Festival Hall, 11 June, 3 p.m. Tickets Box Office, WATerloo 3191, and agents.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m., 28 May. S. H. Amphlett Micklewright MA, FRHist.S, 'Humanism and Civil Liberties'.

IIWC Public Lect. Free. Dennis Gray Stoll: Conductors and Musical Interpretation (illus.). 8.30, Fri. 2 June. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

'LIFE'S Pilgrimage'. Public lecture. 28 May, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 31 May, 6.30 p.m. 'The Reasonableness of Buddhism', Mr D. Gold. Also Saturday, 3 June, 3 p.m., Children's Class. Library Instruction in Meditation techniques available to Members. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 28 May, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'Today's Alternatives': H. J. Blackham.

PACIFIST Universalist Serv. 3.30 Sun. 28 May, 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Dr A. D. Belden, 'Prospects for Pacifism'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

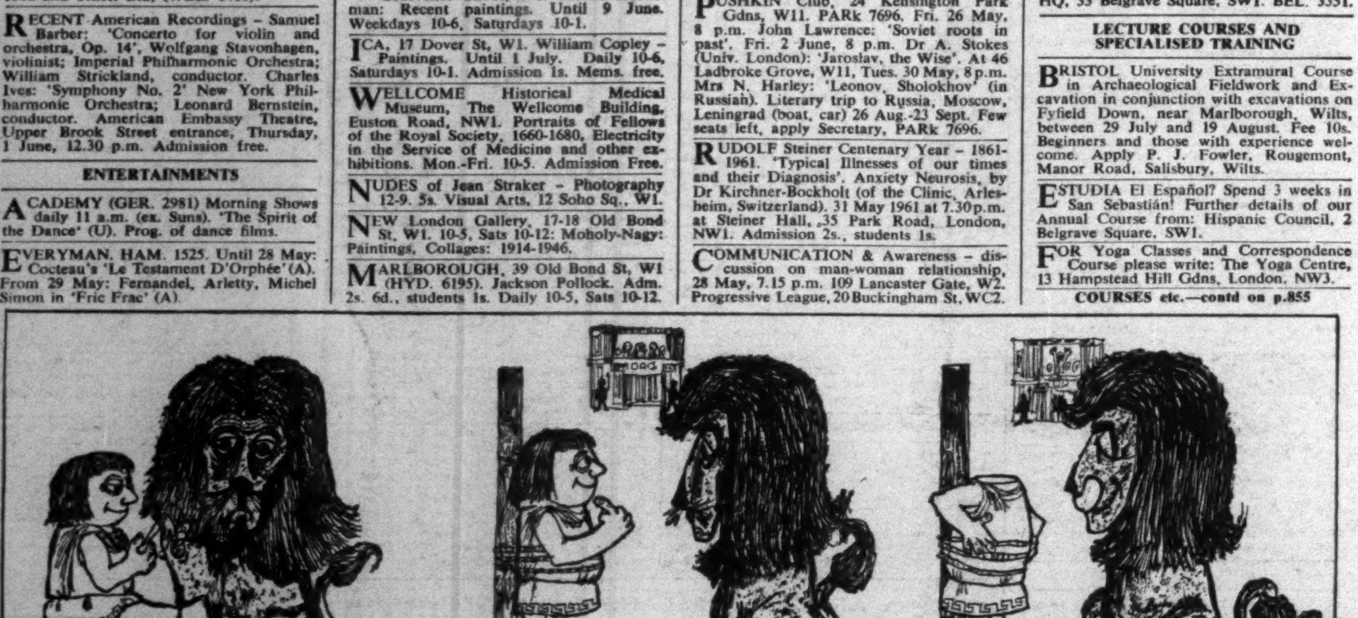
LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

BRISTOL University Extramural Course in Archaeological Fieldwork and Excavation in conjunction with excavations on Fyfield Down, near Marlborough, Wilts, between 29 July and 19 August. Fee 10s. Beginners and those with experience welcome. Apply P. J. Fowler, Rougemont, Manor Road, Salisbury, Wilts.

ESTUDIA El Español? Spend 3 weeks in San Sebastián! Further details of our Annual Course from: Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Square, SW1.

FOR Yoga Classes and Correspondence Course please write: The Yoga Centre, 13 Hampstead Hill Gdns, London, NW3.

COURSES etc.—contd on p.855



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